

From Chambers' Repository.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BART.

"He is the most indefatigable man in Europe, and the man of the largest acquaintance:" thus said the Abbé Gregoire of the late Sir John Sinclair. He was truly, in many respects, a very extraordinary person; but the basis of all his distinction lay in his benevolent and disinterested desire to be useful in his day and generation. A private gentleman, born in a remote part of the United Kingdom, he became, purely through his zeal for the good of the community, one of the most conspicuous and one of the most honored men of his age. Besides receiving diplomas from twenty-five learned and scientific societies on the continent, he had a vote of thanks for his national services decreed separately to him by twenty-two counties in Great Britain, as well as by numerous towns, where he was gratefully acknowledged as a general benefactor to his country. Testimonials were publicly presented to him on five different occasions; he became the confidential friend of Pitt, Perceval, Lord Melville, and all the leading statesmen of his time; he served in Parliament during thirty years, and was distinguished by having frequent personal intercourse and correspondence with George III., who created him a privy-councillor; as well as by the esteem of George IV., who caused a letter to be written by Sir Herbert Taylor on the occasion of Sir John's decease, expressing his own sympathy with the family on the loss of so distinguished a patriot.

Alison, the accomplished author of the *Essay on Taste*, when himself on his death-bed, in a last interview with one of his own intimate friends, thus expressed himself respecting the subject of this memoir, whom he had long known and esteemed:—"I reflect—and sleepless nights have given me frequent opportunities of reflecting—on the great moral lesson to be derived from Sir John's admirable life. I consider whether, during the many years in which he flourished, there was any man whom I could fix upon as having labored with the same assiduity, and with the same success, for the benefit of mankind. I think upon that great work, *The Statistical Account of Scotland*, upon the difficulties, all but insurmountable, in the way of its completion, and upon the many useful works of the same kind, and the many valuable suggestions to which it gave rise. I think upon the impulse which Sir John has given to agriculture in his native county, in Great Britain, and throughout the world. I dwell on his elaborate *History of the Public Revenue*, and on the practical wisdom and foresight of his financial views and recommendations. I try to reckon up the other departments of usefulness in which he exerted himself, the meritorious individuals for whom he procured a reward, and the important inventions and discoveries he introduced to public notice. I then advert to the disinterestedness which appeared in all his various undertakings; and the longer I consider the subject, the more I am convinced, that during the last half century, no man has arisen either so patriotic or so

useful, as Sir John Sinclair; and that no volumes have for many years been produced which embody so impressive an example of patriotism, as Archdeacon Sinclair's memoirs of his life."

Sir John was born on the 10th of May, 1754, at Thurso Castle, an ancient edifice built by the sixth Earl of Caithness. That singular old residence of his ancestors is in the near neighborhood of John o'Groat's House, and stands almost within sea-mark on the Pentland Firth, where in stormy weather the spray has sometimes passed over the roof. Fish have been caught with a line from the drawing-room window; and vessels been wrecked so close under the turrets, that the voices of the drowning sailors could be heard.

The father of Sir John Sinclair, a learned and pious Christian, educated by the celebrated Dr. Watts, lived under a solemn consciousness, from constitutional symptoms, that he must die very suddenly, and made it the subject of his daily fervent prayer, that he might be "always on his watch-tower, so that when God was pleased to call him, he should be ready to answer." In the prime of life, he was carried off by apoplexy, without immediate warning; and from that time Sir John constantly used the form of prayer found among the papers of his exemplary parent.

Sir John was now left, at the early age of sixteen, personally under the guardianship of his only surviving parent, Lady Janet Sinclair, sister to the seventeenth Earl of Sutherland. It is frequently asserted that talent is chiefly inherited from the mother, and in his case it probably was so. Beloved as well as revered by all the numerous tenantry of her son, her memory is still vividly preserved in Caithness for the extraordinary tact and energy with which she managed his affairs. Even in that far northern district, no one could be "too far north" for her! Such was the opinion entertained at Thurso of her ability for business, that a simple-minded gentleman, being told, when the Lord High-Commissioner came into office, that she was appointed to preside over an Edinburgh Assembly, directed a letter of his own to "Lady Janet Sinclair, Moderator of the General Assembly, Edinburgh."

The following short extract of the letter written by Lady Janet to her son, in the immediate prospect of death, when she had attained her seventieth year, cannot fail to be deeply interesting:—"Before this can be delivered to you, I shall bid a final adieu to this vain world, to all its concerns, and all my connections in it. . . . May religion and virtue be the rule of all your actions; and suffer not the temptations or allurements of a vain world to make you swerve from your duty. . . . Reside as much in Caithness as possible, and do not trust too much to the management of others. You'll find few to trust. . . . Even my long experience was not proof against their arts. . . . Keep short accounts with those you employ in every capacity. . . . To be in debt is a most disagreeable situation. To contract it is easy, but how very difficult to repay! It lessens one's importance, chagrins the temper, and ruins a family. Beware

of engagements for others. . . . I have had a variety of trials and afflictions in life, from malice, unprovoked disrespect, and indifference. These I did not merit nor resent, and I now forgive. . . . Adieu, my dearest son, till we meet in another world, as I trust in the mercy of God, and through the merits of an all-sufficient Saviour, that we shall meet in a state of bliss and endless happiness, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

Lady Janet having commissioned the celebrated Dr. Blair to find Sir John a tutor, Mr. Logan, afterwards a poet and divine of some eminence, arrived with his credentials at Thurso Castle; but his uncouth aspect having caused Lady Janet hastily to express dissatisfaction, the accomplished professor of rhetoric, in defence of his own protégé, replied: "Your ladyship, in selecting a tutor for your son, should prefer a scholar to a dancing-master." Sir John afterwards attended the university of Glasgow, from whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Oxford, and he continued always a keen advocate for a public education, as he thought many a private tutor not merely "a Mentor, but a tormentor; and that those who are to be public men must begin with being public boys."

Sir John became a member of the bar, both in England and in Scotland, having resolved to pass in each, though intending to practise in neither; but at the end of his preliminary ordeal at Edinburgh, one of his examiners, astonished at the extent of the young candidate's information, exclaimed: "I believe you know more of the subject than any one of us!" His first publication, at the age of eighteen, consisted of letters under the signature of "Julius Cæsar," written in defence of the Highland proprietors, accused of drawing exorbitant rents. Sir John, in after-life, disapproved as much of writing anonymous books, as of anonymous letters, and desired his family never to publish what they could not openly acknowledge; but on this occasion his nameless essay caused so much favorable criticism in society, that the young author became encouraged to wield the quill again. Seventy years afterwards, when the active labors of a long life reached their close, his executor found printed copies of 367 pamphlets which had been published by Sir John on various subjects, besides eighteen volumes in crown octavo, and *The Statistical Account of Scotland* in twenty-one! The baronet's next undertaking was a quarto essay against what he then considered a too strict and Puritanical observance of the Sabbath in Scotland; but with singular conscientiousness, he destroyed the whole manuscript on hearing this remark from his friend Dr. Adam Smith, which was the more memorable, as coming from the apologist of David Hume: "Your book, Sir John, is very ably composed; but the Sabbath, as a political institution, is of inestimable value, independently of its claims to divine authority."

Being anxious more entirely to assimilate the conversational language of England and Scotland, as well as to assist his countrymen in attaining purity of expression, Sir John, early in life, published a collection of the most remarkable words and phrases by which the natives of North Britain excited the ridicule of their southern neighbors. Among his own intimate friends, Lord Melville had one day asked Mr. Pitt, in Scottish phraseology, to lend him a horse "the length of Richmond;" to which the minister facetiously replied, that he had none quite so long. Another Scotchman hav-

ing remarked in the House of Commons, that "as there was a cu-ball against the ministers, he would give them his supp'rt;" an English member laughingly replied, that he was happy to second the proposal of giving a ball and supper to the ministry. In Sir John's collection, there are many amusing Scotticisms indicated. "*A Mortification*—A sum of money not bequeathed to the relatives of the deceased, but to charity. Mr. Smith has left a mortification to the deaf and dumb of 20,000.—*A Flunkie*—A footman; or, literally, an attendant at your flank.—*A Baubee*—A half-penny; supposed to be a corruption of Baby, a coin issued in Scotland when King James VI. was a child.—"Speak to me," means in Scotch "hear me speak."—"I shall give him a good hearing 'means' I shall give him a good scold," &c.

When Sir John, at the age of eighteen, first began his vigorous improvements in Caithness, the whole county presented a scene of most discouraging desolation, which might have damped the energy of any one less hopefully enterprising; but his favorite maxim was, that "the greatest and most durable of human pleasures is doing good, and he who accomplishes that object on the largest scale, with the sole motive of obeying the divine commands, will insure an unspeakable reward of present enjoyment." Pennant states, that then "scarcely any farmer in the county owned a wheel-cart, and burdens were conveyed on the backs of women, thirty or forty of whom might be seen in a line, carrying heavy wicker-creels." At that period, females did most of the hard work—driving the peats or rowing the boats; and it sometimes occurred that, if a man lost a horse or an ox, he married a wife as the cheapest plan, to make up the difference. The fields were unenclosed, the land undrained, the fisheries untried, one-half the rents were paid in kind, and the chief road into Caithness led over a mountain called the Orde, so difficult and dangerous, that it became customary, after many frightful accidents had rendered it necessary, that when the carriage of any proprietor had occasion to traverse what was in fact a mere shelf on the mountain-side, fifteen or twenty persons were employed to guide the horses. At one turn, a stone dropping from the traveller's hand would have fallen some hundred feet, directly into the sweltering ocean beneath. Cattle-dealers, when driving their cattle from Caithness to market, had to perform the rather troublesome duty of swimming across the rivers along with them! At that period, in 1770, the sanguine young proprietor, who possessed a sixth part of Caithness, when detailing his future plans of improvement to the old let-alone proprietors, was often incredulously asked: "Can you ever carry a road over the hill of Ben Cheilt?" To conquer this implied impossibility, and give a lasting specimen of his powers, the young baronet personally examined this apparently impregnable mountain; lined out a road, with great engineering skill, himself; and having appointed 1260 laborers to meet him there early one morning, he set them all simultaneously to work. They began at the dawn of day; and before night, that sheep-track, six miles in length, which had been hardly passable for led horses, became, as if by magic, perfectly easy for carriages. A party of English travellers who happened to be present, were heard

* The French phrase, *bas billon*, pronounced *bas beang*, and applicable to debased coin, has been suggested as a more likely origin for this word.

to say, that they never had witnessed so extraordinary a sight. In subsequent years, Sir John, always desirous of exemplifying what energy can achieve in accelerating labor, caused one of his own sheep to be publicly shorn at a cattle-show, after which the wool was spun, dyed, woven, and made into a coat, which he wore the same evening at a rural fête which he gave to the assembled farmers and their families.

Sir John's first step towards the improvement of Scotland, was to obtain a vote from Parliament, that the balances of the forfeited estates should be granted in moderate sums to any landed proprietor, who advanced an equal amount for the benefit of his estate. He then formed a number of large farms in Caithness, which he enclosed, drained, and reduced to order, entirely at his own expense. He provided mills, he built bridges, he enjoyed his tenantry to adopt a regular rotation of crops, assisted them in procuring the best turnip, rye-grass, and clover seeds, and, at his own risk, imported the best cattle from distant lands, which he disposed of to his neighbors at prime cost. The zealous baronet distributed premiums to encourage industry; he corresponded with the best farmers in Morayshire, then the garden of the north, asking for useful suggestions; and, as early as 1812, the quantity of waste land brought into cultivation on his own estate amounted to 11,209 English acres, all of which eventually repaid the outlay.

Sir John, when his relative, the present Duke of Sutherland, first visited him at Thurso Castle, being desirous of exhibiting the extraordinary productiveness of his own fisheries, presented on his dinner-table twenty-four different species of fish, explaining apologetically that his fishermen had only received one day's notice, otherwise they could have supplied from the surrounding lakes and bays double the number of varieties. It stands recorded in the parish books of Thurso, certified by three magistrates, that in July, 1743, there were caught at one haul in Sir John's fisheries, 2560 salmon; a draught which has never since been equalled, though the river of Thurso still affords the best sport in Scotland for the rod.

Through the parliamentary exertions of Sir John, Caithness soon became, and has since continued, one of the best-roaded counties in Scotland. He originated that great scheme by which the public agreed to be at one half the expense of making roads; he obtained a select committee to carry on the plan; and having, with his usual sanguine cheerfulness, declared, that instead of the post arriving, as it then did, only once a week, conveyed by runners, he would never rest till a mail-coach drove daily to Thurso—it became a proverb in the county to say of any impossible scheme: "That will come to pass, when Sir John sees the daily mail at Thurso." The energetic baronet survived to witness in his old age, among many other successes of his laborious life, the long-promised coach driven up, amidst enthusiastic cheers of welcome, to the very gate of Thurso Castle. Sir John's example roused a spirit of friendly emulation among his contemporary neighbors in the north; but could Caithness be seen for a day now as it would have been had he never lived, or never exerted himself for its benefit, the enormous extent of his labors would then be known. Every acre in his native county was as much a subject of interest to him as if it had all been his own property; and the Lord-Register

for Scotland, in proposing the baronet's health at a public dinner in Edinburgh, mentioned, that the expense of carrying high-roads from the metropolis to the Ultima Thule, had amounted to 200,000*l.* of public money; that a like sum had been given by proprietors; and that the whole merit of that noble plan was due to Sir John Sinclair.

Sir John's first wife was Miss Sarah Maitland, a young lady of great fortune and accomplishments. This marriage turned out a most happy one during the eight years she survived; and so little did he intend to replace his loss, that when Mr. Pitt at this time offered him an Irish peerage, he requested, instead, to have a baronetage, with remainder to his daughters—a destination never given to the title before. As those who are happiest in a first union are most apt, however, to form a second, Sir John married, some years afterwards, the only daughter of Lord Macdonald, the chief of that ancient clan, as well as the lineal representative of the ancient Lords of the Isles. When they first appeared at court, it was remarked by George III., that they were "the handsomest pair ever presented at his drawing room." Admired and beloved by all who saw her, Lady Sinclair enjoyed uninterrupted happiness with her husband during fifty years.

His majesty, being much addicted to agriculture, was graciously pleased in rural districts to give himself the name of Farmer George; and he wrote several papers in the *Annals of Agriculture*, under the homely signature of "Ralph Robinson, farmer at Windsor." When Sir John first established the British Wool Society, he entertained the members at a splendid collation, where the first toast proposed was drunk with enthusiasm, under a salute of twenty-one guns: "The Royal Shepherd of Great Britain, and success to his flock." The establishing a society for the improvement of British wool became one of the most important services ever rendered to the nation. Though wool had been for centuries the staple commodity of Britain, and a duty on this production had, from the days of the Plantagenets, formed a main source of the royal revenue, yet not an individual in the nation had systematically studied how to improve the breed of sheep. In consequence of improper management, therefore, the quality of British wool had so obviously deteriorated, that foreign imports increased to a startling amount; and in 1788, wool to the extent of 4,000,000 lbs. was brought from Spain. Sir John wrote letters to every landed proprietor with whom he had any influence, and called a meeting in Edinburgh, where he proved, in a masterly speech, that the pasture in Scotland, which then supported 300,000 head of cattle, might maintain 1,200,000 sheep; thus affording a proportionate quantity of butcher-meat, and at the same time several million pounds weight of wool. Sir John imported, at his own cost, 800 sheep, natives of all countries, from Abyssinia to Sweden, from Shetland to South Wales, and specimens of the real Spanish sheep from the royal flocks of France. One of these was so preëminent for its shape and beauty, that a celebrated farmer declared, he would have travelled 500 miles to see so perfect a specimen. Sir John's Merino sheep, on their arrival from the continent, were seized by the custom-house officers, who, in observance of some obsolete law, were about to have them summarily slaughtered for the use of the poor, which Sir John had a most laborious

correspondence to prevent. It was now that the baronet introduced into Scotland the hitherto unknown Cheviot breed of sheep; and there were in a few years above 300,000 diffused over the four northern counties alone. Farms, which had previously been stocked with coarse-wooled sheep or black-cattle, yielding scarcely any rent, now more than doubled their value. The proprietor of Bighouse, in Caithness, who had offered Sir John at that period, and pressed upon his acceptance, the entire possession of that extensive estate for an annuity of 300*l.*, which he declined to give, sold it afterwards, in consequence of its value as a sheep-farm, to the Duke of Sutherland for upwards of 50,000*l.* Another property near Fort-William rose almost at once from 150*l.* a year to 1600*l.*; and the estate of Reay, which had previously produced but 1500*l.* a year, was sold, with its sheep, to the Sutherland family, for 300,000*l.* "I am perfectly convinced," says Sir William Pulteney, in a letter, dated 1804, when the good effects of this measure were beginning already to appear—"that the nation owes you great obligations for having introduced the Cheviot sheep. I have myself profited by it. A sheep-farm of mine in Annandale now pays me double rent by changing the old sheep-stock to Cheviot."

The farmers, both in Caithness and Northumberland, scouted the idea that English flocks could thrive in the far north, where no sheep had hitherto been kept during the winter, except carefully shut up in houses—therefore, that they could survive on the hills seemed to them a most visionary hope of Sir John's. The baronet foresaw that, if he merely tried a few southern sheep under native shepherds, they would perish; therefore, he at once engaged the most experienced men in the south, and settled them on his property, with 500 sheep. The succeeding winter was stormy, with much snow; but no casualties happened till spring, when many of the young lambs were carried off by foxes, which were afterwards with great difficulty kept under. Many foxes were subsequently transported by Sir John from Caithness to the hunting counties. After Sir John's flock had increased to 6000 sheep on the estate of Langwell, where he had also planted no less than 345,000 trees, stretching over the hills, that property which had been purchased by Lady Janet for 8000*l.*, he sold to Mr. Horne for about 40,000*l.* Great was the regret of Sir John's tenantry when thus transferred to another; and the first time the new proprietor appeared in his pew at church, the parish clergyman, who was deeply attached to Sir John, looked full at the newly-arrived successor, and gave out his text from the Psalms: "Lift not up your horn on high."—*Psalms* lxxv. 5.

Mr. Rush, the American ambassador, in his description of England, mentions that on his arrival there, he asked Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, what was the best work on agriculture, when he was referred to Sir John Sinclair's; and when the newly-arrived stranger next inquired of Mr. Vansittart, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, what book he ought to study on British finance, the answer was a strong recommendation of Sir John's *History of the Public Revenue*—a volume exhibiting extraordinary research, of which many editions are yet in circulation. No subject connected with the public interest came amiss to the active energy of Sir John, who was the first to bring over from France a plan for distilling in cylinders the wood employed in making gunpowder, which produced a

saving to the government of 100,000*l.* per annum. He communicated the discovery to that eminent chemist, as well as divine, his friend, Bishop Watson, whom he took with him, and introduced to the Duke of Richmond, then Master of the Ordnance; and by their united representations, this important economy in the finances of the country was at once adopted.

When Sir John became member for Caithness, that extensive county had the right of election only for each alternate Parliament with the small island of Bute. It is alleged that this slight was put upon Caithness at the time of the union, because the sitting member in those days had voted against that measure; but Sir John never relaxed his efforts until Caithness was allowed more than half a member. Devoted to public usefulness, but indifferent to personal aggrandizement, Sir John during thirty years seldom missed a division, and became at length the leader of a powerful party among the independent members, long known in Parliament as "The Armed Neutrality." For economy of the public money, Sir John was the Joseph Hume of those days; and a clever caricature of him is still extant, by Gilray, who was the terror and amusement of the time, as *Punch* is now. Sir John is represented as "State Watchman." A lantern is in his hand, inscribed, "To discover robbers;" a staff, inscribed, "To protect the country;" a rattle, "To sound an alarm;" a bunch of papers, "To improve agriculture;" and one of his own speeches is recorded on the margin—"Shall we be satisfied with cold economy? No! Let there be a vigorous system of retrenchment in every department of the state."

Sir John was in Edinburgh when the news reached him that Scotland's favorite statesman, Harry Dundas, was threatened with impeachment. With characteristic energy, he instantly ordered horses, and by travelling night and day, arrived at the House of Commons in time to equalize the division, so that the motion rested with the casting-vote of the speaker. It is amusing to know that in those days the utmost speed of wheels had only been able to convey Sir John, in about fifty-six hours, a distance that is traversed with ease now in twelve. Lord Melville had one of those generous hearts that delighted to own an obligation, and neither he nor his son ever lost an opportunity of acknowledging Sir John's timely exertions in the cause of friendship and of justice.

While Sir John pursued with ceaseless perseverance every scheme of public usefulness, no man living acknowledged more generously the universal brotherhood of mankind. If he could serve a single human being, known or unknown, any trouble became a pleasure; and so effectually did he exert his interest with his friends, Pitt, Melville, Wyndham, and Perceval, that above 200 young men, chiefly from Caithness, acknowledged him as the patron who laid the foundation-stone of their fortunes. The baronet used in subsequent years to tell with great good-humor of one not very grateful Caithness proprietor, who said, on receiving a good appointment for his son, through Sir John's interest: "It cost Sir John nothing more than the mere writing of a letter!" "Little did he think what it cost me," added the baronet, laughing, "to become the man whose letter could obtain so much attention." On another occasion, his gardener, believing, as those who experienced his good offices soon learned to do, that there were no limits to his power and inclination to serve

every Caithness-man, wrote to request that he would immediately obtain for his son "a genteel situation in the army or in the Excise;" Sir John replied, that if such an appointment were to be had for the asking, he would gladly obtain it for one of his own family. Nothing, however, pained the kind-hearted statesman so much as to refuse a request; and he much more frequently volunteered an offer of aid, where it could not have been anticipated, than disappointed any hope, however unreasonable, of assistance. The baronet's generous patriotism had become conspicuously known, when an English traveller, passing through Kenmore, related that he was surprised, in so remote a district, to observe a very thriving manufactory, which he stopped to inspect. The owner, Mr. Macnaughten, led his visitor over the extensive building with great pride and pleasure, saying: "I long wished to try the experiment of raising this factory here, but had no hope of obtaining the funds, when one day a stranger, driving along the road, stopped his carriage, and having got into conversation pointed out the advantages of Kenmore for such an establishment. No sooner had I expressed my hopelessness of ever realizing sufficient capital to attempt the plan, than he offered me a loan of the whole necessary funds, taking no other security than my own, and asking no share of the profits. I succeeded as you see, and have now two additional mills in regular employment." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, at once guessing right, "I know one man, and only one, who could be capable of volunteering such an offer. It must have been Sir John Sinclair!"

One day, Sir John, walking in Salisbury's Botanical Gardens with his old and intimate friend, Sir James Norcliffe Innes, had a long conference respecting the dormant claim of the latter to be Duke of Roxburghe, and not only advised him earnestly to urge his rights before the courts of law, but offered him an immediate loan of 14,000*l.*, with which to meet the expenses, only to be repaid in case of success. The litigation lasted many years, during which Sir James wrote several times, reproaching Sir John for having plunged him into this ruinous expenditure; but when, at last, the cause was triumphantly gained, his grace's gratitude remained warm and steadfast to the latest hour of his very long life.

Sir Walter Scott said, respecting his contemporary, Sir John, that he was "of projects rife;" but they were all for the public good; and the importance of his inventive genius became so obvious to Mr. Pitt, as well as the value of his persevering energy, that he was summoned one day to Downing Street, where the prime-minister emphatically said to him: "There is no man to whom government is more indebted; and if you have any object in view, I shall attend to it with pleasure."

This offer of Mr. Pitt's might have opened an opportunity for personal advancement; but the characteristic of Sir John was a disinterested devotion to the public good, and he replied, that, desiring no favor on his own behalf, the reward most gratifying to his feelings would be the institution by Parliament of a great national corporation, to be called "The Board of Agriculture." Sir John then convinced Mr. Pitt how small a quantity of additional cultivation at home would have provided the whole amount of corn imported from foreign countries during the eighteen preceding years; and so great was Sir John's enthusiasm

on that important subject, that his friend, the Duke of Roxburghe, gave him the sobriquet, by which some of his old friends afterwards distinguished him, of "Sir John Agriculture." His ordinary visiting-card, which is still preserved in many an album, carried the print of a large plough, with his name engraved on the ploughshare; and while through life he had to fight the battles of agriculture with very damp powder, it was with him a favorite saying, that "he who makes a blade of corn grow where none grew before, is an undoubted benefactor of his country."

There had long existed a Board of Trade; but Mr. Pitt was startled at the probable expense of establishing another Board for the encouragement of agriculture. Almost any other branch of industry had hitherto received more support than tillage; and the celebrated Arthur Young felt so little hope of the baronet's plan being acceded to, that he betted a copy of his *Annals of Agriculture*, splendidly bound, in nineteen volumes, against twenty-one volumes of Sir John's works, that the scheme would never be adopted, adding: "Your Board of Agriculture will be in the moon! If on earth, remember I am to be secretary!"

Sir John immediately printed a sketch of his plan, to be distributed among members of Parliament; and a keen discussion followed in the House, when Mr. Sheridan, after indulging in some characteristic jocularities, proposed that the Board should be established, "provided that no expense whatever attending the same should ever fall on the public." Sir John's speech, however, carried the motion by a majority of eighty-five; and a grant was voted of 3000*l.* per annum for supporting the enormous outlay. In after-years, Mr. Sheridan and many of the minority candidly acknowledged the immense benefit derived to Great Britain from the active efficiency of this Board, over which Sir John was elected president.

Thousands of acres were now redeemed from barrenness by the encouragement afforded to individual enterprise through the Board of Agriculture. A correspondence was immediately opened by Sir John with all the most distinguished cultivators on the continent, to whom he proposed an exchange of information and of good offices; and soon the whole stock of Great Britain became immensely increased in value by Sir John's judicious experiments in importing new species of grain and of cattle. The Board of Agriculture grew at once into a general magazine of information; and the president immediately published his *Agricultural Report of Scotland*, in five closely-printed volumes, collected at an immense expense of time and income. Thus, in the course of little more than a year, Dr. Anderson writes, that "the Board has printed already a number of authentic facts respecting the agricultural and internal economy of the country, greater than was ever before obtained in any other nation since the beginning of time."

On one subject, among very many others, Sir John offered a reward of several hundred pounds. It was for the best essay to describe "the surest means of converting grass-land into tillage, without exhausting the soil, and of returning the same to grass in an improved state." The number of competitors who sent in essays amounted to 350! About the same time, Sir John, always anxious to give a full scope to genius, engaged Sir Humphry Davy, at a considerable expense, to deliver a course of lectures before the Board, on agricultural chemistry.

Sir John at all times felt a generous delight in advancing the talents or in rewarding the discoveries of others. The moment he heard, by mere accident, of any new invention, he became like a good hound on the scent, till he had ferreted out the author, and given him all the assistance in his power. Colonel Sharpnell, who invented Sharpnell's shells, and the machinist who invented Morton's slips, now so universally used in docks, both acknowledged by letter that, but for Sir John Sinclair's zealous assistance, their discoveries must have fallen unheard-of into oblivion. The kind-hearted baronet, by great exertion, obtained for Elkington, to reward his valuable improvements in draining land, a grant of 1000*l.* from Parliament; and hearing that Mr. Meikle, the inventor of the thrashing-machine, was living at the age of ninety-two in miserable poverty, he wrote to the lord-lieutenant of East-Lothian—in which county Meikle was born—as well as to all the principal farmers, and by dint of extreme exertion raised a subscription of 1500*l.*, with which he placed the aged mechanic and his family in comfort. Sir John also raised from indigence the family of James Small, who had greatly improved the plough.

Mr. Macadam, commonly called "the Colossus of Roads," frankly declared to his dying day, that it was owing to Sir John's energetic encouragement that his improvements on highways were ever effected. Going into the Albion Club one day, the baronet observed a venerable old gentleman sitting alone, with a newspaper in his hand. As soon as he perceived Sir John, he came forward, and expressed in strong terms his satisfaction at having now for the first time met with an individual to whose assistance he owed all his success. To the baronet's surprised inquiry with whom he had the honor of conversing, Mr. Macadam announced himself; and he some time afterwards sent Sir John a written testimonial of how much he had benefited by the rule on which Sir John invariably acted—"to give every project of usefulness a fair trial."

Hardly had the Board of Agriculture been established, before a deficiency in the wheat-crop caused an alarming rise in the price of bread; and Sir John immediately desired experiments to be tried in the manufacture of bread from every species of grain. No less than eighty different kinds of bread were soon exhibited by Sir John to an astonished public. On a subsequent occasion of anticipated scarcity, the baronet wrote a circular letter to the clergy of every parish, in which he recommended that 50,000 additional acres of potatoes should be planted—by which means he produced a supply of food sufficient for the support, during six months, of nearly a million persons. He drew up and printed a report, containing all that could be suggested to improve the cultivation of that vegetable; and Sir William Pulteney wrote from Wolverhampton to Sir John, that the people there had been without bread during four days, but had not actually starved, "owing to the astonishing quantity of potatoes planted in that neighborhood, in consequence of being recommended to do so by the president of the Board of Agriculture." Experiments were then tried, for the first time, by Sir John, of cutting potatoes into thin slices, and drying these in a hop-kiln—specimens of which, and also of potato-flour, were exhibited by the president forty years afterwards, as fit for use then as on the day they were first preserved.

The national defences became, in 1794, a subject

of as anxious thought to government, as they are at present; and on that occasion Sir John offered to Mr. Pitt to set the example of raising a regiment on his own estate, and to take the command of it himself. The baronet observed, that he never had thought of becoming a soldier; but since the public service demanded his exertions in that capacity, he would not hesitate. If a man-of-war had been necessary, he would probably have at least tried to build one with Caithness timber, and to find a main-mast in his own stunted forests. Mr. Pitt gladly issued letters of service for this volunteer corps; and such was Sir John's diligence in enlisting and training the men, that, only seven months from the date of their colonel's commission, his regiment—which he named after the two counties that alternated their member to Parliament, "The Rothesay and Caithness Regiment"—passed a favorable inspection at Inverness before Lieutenant-general Sir Hector Monro. The battalion was at first 600 strong; but Sir John subsequently increased the number of his men to 1000. They were dressed in a handsome Highland uniform; and it was noted that nineteen of the officers averaged above six feet high. During eight years afterwards, Sir John continued on service in Ireland and Scotland. If every living landed proprietor would thus make himself a Martello tower of defence to the shores of Great Britain, there would be no danger from any invasion in our own day.

Sir John's regiment was first encamped for six months at Aberdeen, under orders of the commander-in-chief to defend that city against an apprehended attack from the French armies in Holland; and afterwards he served in Ireland during the rebellion, when he received at Armagh the thanks of Viscount Gosford, in the name of the magistrates, for the invariable steadiness and efficiency of his men. To improve the discipline of his corps, the colonel invented a plan well suited to the character of Highlanders, as appealing to their high sense of honor and self-respect. He ordered each of his captains to produce, on the first Monday in every month, a muster-roll of his company, specifying the name, the birthplace, date of enlistment, discipline, and behavior, of each soldier under his command. This paper, familiarly termed by the soldiers "Sir John's roll," was read aloud on parade before the whole corps, on which monthly occasion the colonel called up each man in turn before him, stated publicly the report given of his conduct, and, in some rare instances, where the account had been singularly favorable, the soldier received promotion on the spot. "I still remember," said an aged veteran long afterwards, "when Corporals Sutherland and Fisher were made sergeants by our colonel on the parade-ground, and Sir John said: 'My lads, we shall soon probably have to defend ourselves from the invaders. Preferment is open to you all without partiality. Nothing shall have weight with me but good behavior.'" An old sergeant in subsequent years remarked: "Many a culprit would have chosen the black-hole, before a lecture from Sir John."

The allowance made by government being barely sufficient for the clothing and subsistence of his men, Sir John, who attached great importance to their soldier-like appearance, permitted no deduction to be made from their pay to provide ornaments for the uniform, but supplied these at his own expense, saying: "My men must be kept in a state physically capable of duty." His kind intentions.

however, were sometimes baffled by the troops actually stinting themselves of food, so that some of the men amassed no less a sum than 100*l.* or 120*l.* Family affection was the most common incentive to this parsimony, and the colonel frequently interposed his authority to check the romantic excess of the feeling. Some of the soldiers avoided messing together, privately living on raw oatmeal and cold water, almost starving themselves to send money home; and one man in particular did so, not for his parents, nor for his wife and children, but for his sister.

A few survivors yet remember the disbanding of that noble corps in 1806. Sir John made them a farewell speech in front of his house in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, where refreshments were liberally served out to the regiment; and with three enthusiastic cheers for their much-honored colonel, the soldiers then dispersed, though most of them enlisted immediately afterwards to serve abroad. Not a single soldier was sick or unfit for duty when their popular colonel bade them farewell. Sir John was at one time commanding-officer at the camp of Aberdeen, president of the general court-martial sitting there, colonel of two battalions of soldiers, a director of the Bank of Scotland, chairman of the British Wool Society, member of the Faculty of Advocates, an English barrister, provost of the royal burgh of Wick, a director of the British Fishing Society, commissioner for the issuing of Exchequer bills, M. P. for Caithness, and president of the Board of Agriculture. His humorous correspondent, George Dempster of Dunnichen, once directed a letter to him, "Sir John Sinclair, Bart., F. R. S.—T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z."

Though Sir John again turned his sword into a ploughshare, and his leaden bullets into types, his interest in the officers and men who had served under him continued to the hour of his death; and in after-years it appeared as if no regiment had ever left so many widows behind, as every one knew that to obtain Sir John's most zealous patronage, it was only necessary to have once been the wife of a Caithness soldier. One instance of Sir John's generous and successful patronage should here be selected from a file of letters still in the family on that subject. A young man named Fraser one day presented himself to Lady Sinclair, in the absence of Sir John, requesting her influence to obtain for him an ensigncy in the regiment. He was an intelligent youth, in very humble circumstances. In answer to this application the colonel stated, that if the young aspirant could produce the requisite complement of men, he should receive the commission. Fraser was indefatigable in his exertions, and obtained the stipulated number. Not long after, he presented himself as an ensign to his patroness, offering to raise more recruits on the promise of a lieutenancy. This request was likewise acceded to, and he became a lieutenant. At Aberdeen, Fraser attracted Sir John's attention by some ingenious sketches of the camp, which indicated talent as a military draughtsman. On the regiment being reduced, Sir John applied in his favor to some friends connected with India, who bestowed on him a cadetship in the India Company's engineers. As he had no funds, his friendly colonel advanced him 1000*l.* for his equipment and passage to Madras. Fraser, well worthy of this liberality, soon repaid the loan. He became distinguished as one of the ablest officers in the

service, amassed a large fortune, returned to Great Britain, where he purchased estates in three counties, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Caithness, and, as long as he lived, he acted fully up to his warm-hearted declaration, that, "till he ceased to exist, he never would forget Sir John Sinclair's generosity."

Another of Sir John's protégés, Mr. Anderson, who died in India, left all he had gained to his kind benefactor, saying that he did so, thinking Sir John's private fortune must be very inadequate for his public undertakings. The bulk of this bequest consisted of 10,000*l.*; but, unfortunately, this grateful Caithness man had lent it to the Nabob of Arcot, from whom the money was never recovered. A diamond ring, which had been valued at 4000*l.*, was likewise bequeathed by Mr. Anderson to Sir John; but it was supposed to have been changed on its transit homewards, as the ring which arrived was worth scarcely more than 100*l.* The junior members of Sir John's family used to listen with a mixture of surprise and perplexity to a distinguished officer, Major Mackay, who always spoke with rapturous gratitude of Sir John, as having started him in military life. This gentleman had received five-and-forty wounds in battle, his forehead had been shockingly cut almost in two, and there was, in short, very little of him left; so that the junior part of his audience thought the benefit very questionable for which he felt and expressed such unbounded thankfulness. A very fine full-length portrait, by Sir Henry Raeburn, considered the best he ever painted, represents Sir John in his uniform as colonel of his own regiment, and it exhibits a singularly handsome, chivalrous-looking man. Sir John printed a work, entitled *The Code of Health and Longevity*, which has been republished in several European languages. It is a book of peculiar research, on the best means of prolonging health; and the prints with which it is embellished, of the longest-lived persons throughout Europe, are very singular, as well as most hideously ugly. Few would wish to live so long, if they were to look as wretched! Several of the original portraits Sir John hung up in his dining-room, but they were one by one, much against the baronet's will, banished as too dreadful, except an aged Hungarian, who still kept his place, and who can be proved to have lived till he was 195. An old woman of 110 came often in person to receive Sir John's bounty; and it was astonishing how well this aged Mrs. Butler could trot along George Street to the last, though she always tottered much when first set agoing. Sir John was greatly amused to hear, that though originally an Episcopalian, she was, in her second childhood, bribed by a zealous old lady to join another church by the offer of some gingerbread every time she dissented.

Most extensive fisheries were now established by Sir John at Thurso, as well as at Wick; and he prevailed on the British Fishery Society, after many years of assiduous attempts at persuasion, to erect a harbor at the latter town, the size and prosperity of which have been more than doubled since. The magistrates on this occasion voted him a unanimous presentation of thanks, both at Thurso and Wick; while the freeholders of Caithness united in offering him an address in 1806, declaring that he had laid a solid foundation for the prosperity of the county. It was one of Sir John's favorite projects to make a harbor for

Thurso; and though it was represented to him, that by doing so he would injure his own salmon-fishing, the rental of which was then 2000*l.* a year, yet wherever his own interest stood in the way of any public advantage, he trod it under foot at once; and not an effort was left untried to obtain this boon for his native city, for which he promised himself to subscribe 1000*l.* When a Frenchman once rapturously praised the man who invented a ruffle, an Englishman drily remarked, that some credit was due also to the first man who "added a shirt." Sir John's ambition to serve his native country lay chiefly in the shirt-line—but to Caithness he would have given, at any sacrifice, both the ruffle and the shirt.

The most laborious, and almost impracticable, of Sir John's patriotic undertakings has now to be described. Being in 1790 a member of the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, and on terms of friendly intimacy with its leaders, he obtained a promise from several of the members to furnish information regarding their respective parishes; and printed a circular letter, containing 160 questions on the geography, antiquity, natural history, and productions of each parish. Having received some returns, he printed in 1791 a volume, containing accounts of four parishes; and having, at his own entire expense, thrown off 1000 copies, sent them gratuitously, with a second circular, by way at once of specimen and excitement, to every parochial clergyman in Scotland. The term "statistics," as is mentioned in Walker's Dictionary, was now first introduced by Sir John, from the German, into our language, as such researches were perfectly new in England; and those who, like his friend Bishop Watson, prophesied that the undertaking could not succeed, had not miscalculated the difficulties or the irksomeness, but only the zeal and perseverance of Sir John. Some of the clergy felt a jealousy of one individual expecting that the whole nation would consider him "a fit centre for general coöperation;" many, having condemned the work as impracticable, felt unwilling to retract an opinion so publicly expressed; many were indolently disinclined to such new terms of inquiry; several, needlessly diffident of their own abilities, dreaded the severity of criticism; many, being compelled to preach extemporaneously, were unpractised in writing; others were advanced in years, or laboring under infirmities; and there was an apprehension that the furnishing details of property might lead to taxation. Even superstition raised a barrier as the Highlanders consider it unlucky to count their cattle or to describe their possessions.

Sir John, with great persuasion, induced Principal Robertson the historian, the Rev Sir Henry Moncrieff, Dr. Blair, and other eminent clergymen, to importune their clerical friends in the country for reports. He induced the Earl of Leven, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Fife, and other great Scotch proprietors, to address the different ministers whom they had presented to parishes, or over whom they had influence, urging them to coöperate in the work.

Twenty-three different times Sir John himself wrote circulars to the clergy, entreating those who had not yet sent in their reports to do so; and in the ninth, which was penned, to look more emphatic, in red ink, he facetiously announced, that the laws of Draco were in force against defaulters. He obtained a royal grant to the society for the Sons of the Clergy, then newly instituted, of 1000*l.*,

and to interest his reverend friends in the success of his undertaking, he generously assigned to that society the whole profits of his statistical volumes, for which he received a public vote of thanks; while Principal Hill said: "I trust that neither the fathers nor the children will ever forget how much they owe to your zealous and persevering exertions."

Notwithstanding all these efforts, as there were several parishes from which no report could be procured, the indefatigable baronet had recourse to the singular expedient of employing, at his own expense, agents, whom he designated "statistical missionaries." These he sent to the undescribed parishes, to draw up reports; and Sir John's own pen contributed an account of Thurso, which is considered one of the most ably-written and accurate of the whole.

The fourteenth volume was consumed by an accidental fire in the printer's office; but nothing discouraged the editor. He earnestly solicited the authors to recommence their labors; and on the 1st of January, 1798, after seven years, seven months, and seven days of ceaseless labor and anxiety—during which he received above 20,000 letters on the subject—Sir John Sinclair had the happiness to complete his great work in twenty-one volumes. It comprehended the contributions of above 900 individuals, many of whom had never intended to become authors, or expected to see themselves in print.

The task of revising that multifarious mass of communications was inconceivably troublesome; while Sir John cropped, lopped, pruned, pared, and amputated the huge collection into readable dimensions, or a hundred volumes could not have contained the half of what had been written. Many of the ablest clergymen took this necessary curtailment in good part; but there were several prosing, long-winded, authors, who had expected to hold the public by the button for an unconscionable time, and who were most indignant at being brought into reasonable compass.

From that day, any traveller to the most obscure nook in Scotland could make himself master in an hour of its whole history, antiquities, and peculiarities of every description; and a book of more varied entertainment, for all ages and classes, than the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, can scarcely be found. Great and immediate benefits were derived to his native country from Sir John's publication. A law was at once passed for the augmentation of Scottish livings, none of which were ever after to be under 150*l.* per annum, in consequence of these volumes having disclosed how great were the privations of the clergymen in many parishes. Many landed proprietors also increased the miserable salary given to schoolmasters; for which Sir John received a vote of thanks from that deserving body of men, hitherto sadly impoverished. Several oppressive feudal rights were abolished immediately, and the general state of Scottish agriculture became universally improved. The enterprising editor afterwards abridged this great work into one condensed volume, which might be compared to the small cup of soup made by a French cook which contained a whole ox. That summary is an accurate and valuable epitome for those who cannot afford to purchase the great work.

Cheered on by the instantaneous success of this remarkable book, Sir John publicly offered to begin at once the yet greater labor of collecting and publishing a *Statistical Account of England*;

but the reigning Archbishop of Canterbury declined to afford the work his sanction, lest it should interfere with the tithes of the clergy; and the opportunity was thus, in all probability, forever lost, since there is little chance of another man arising with genius to conceive, and industry to execute, an undertaking of such disinterested patriotism and unbounded labor.

Sir John always exercised, like Mirabeau, a singular influence in combining the powers and talents of other men for important purposes. At one time, when such serious apprehensions were entertained of radical riots in Edinburgh, that several families had sent away their plate and valuables, or departed themselves, he wrote a circular to all the chief inhabitants of the town and neighborhood, requesting them to meet at his house next day, and devise means for their own protection. Several noblemen, and many country gentlemen, came from a distance to attend, and a thorough investigation took place as to the best means of encountering this emergency; for Sir John soon pointed out, that the threatened conflagration could not be put off by merely throwing a hat over it, as a Scotch mob, once roused, is the most difficult of all to pacify.

No one who lived in his house could remember a day, till Sir John was above eighty, in which he was not able and ready for active exertion, chiefly in the public service; and the inventive genius which he frequently displayed, astonished even his friend, Mr. Pitt. None of his numerous suggestions were more useful than one which he threw out at the commercial crisis of 1793, for the relief of the suffering merchants. At that time, in consequence of the stagnation of trade produced by the war, the number of bankruptcies exceeded all that had previously occurred in the most calamitous times. Sir John, with great difficulty, obtained the consent of Parliament, that notes from the Exchequer, to the amount of five millions, should be issued immediately, as a loan to such merchants as could give security; and he also offered, without receiving any remuneration, to carry out his own plan, with the assistance of Lord Sheffield, Mr. Wilberforce, Sir William Pulteney, and Mr. Thornton, who had consented to act as a committee.

Many of the first houses in Manchester and Glasgow were tottering, not from want of property, but from the temporary stagnation of sales and of credit. Sir John, therefore, immediately after carrying his motion in Parliament, borrowed, on his own personal security the sum of 70,000*l.*, which he despatched to the merchants the morning after the vote was granted. Mr. Coutts advanced Sir John a loan of 20,000*l.*, and Mr. Devaynes lent 10,000*l.* Pitt, meeting Sir John next evening in the House, expressed great regret that the pressing wants of Manchester and Glasgow could not be supplied so soon as their urgent difficulties required, and added: "The money cannot be raised for some days." "It is already gone! It left London by to-night's mail," was Sir John's triumphant reply; and in relating this anecdote, he used to add, with a smile of pleasure: "Pitt was as much startled as if I had stabbed him."

The good effect of lending Exchequer bills exceeded the hopes of its very sanguine adviser, for embarrassment ceased, credit was reestablished; and Sir John's scheme not only cost nothing to the country, but actually brought a profit to the nation, after the whole loan had been thankfully

repaid, of above 4000*l.* It is difficult now to imagine such a thing as the utter ruin of Glasgow and Manchester; but unquestionably it was then believed that, but for the plan suggested by Sir John Sinclair, that event must have taken place.

Far from ever disparaging the name or success of any contemporary, he was always eager to bear his warmest testimony of admiration and respect to the excellence of others. It seemed as if every Scotchman was his relative, and every acre of Scotland his own, he took so keen an interest, and so noble a pride, in their prosperity. One instance, among many, may here be recorded of Sir John's generous aid to struggling genius:—One of his daughters having shown him, soon after its publication, *Pollok's Course of Time*, she incidentally described the state of most disastrous poverty in which the gifted author was then almost hopelessly pining, while he supported himself from month to month by writing little tales and tracts, for which he received a mere trifle. Pollok, like Chatterton, was sinking into actual want, when Sir John instantly sent him a generous donation; and, after carefully studying the beautiful poem, he copied out some of the best extracts, printed four pages of them at his own expense, and distributed these specimens in hundreds throughout Great Britain, with an account, guaranteed by himself, of the poet's circumstances. Subscriptions to the amount of some hundred pounds immediately poured in, the admirable poem was rapidly bought up, and Sir Charles Forbes, in answer to Sir John's representation, offered his interesting protégé an appointment as chaplain to India. What can be more dismal than the prosperity that comes too late! The poet's doom was evidently already sealed, and he appeared a dying man; yet his earnest desire was once to see Sir John, and personally to thank his unknown benefactor. None who witnessed that scene can ever forget it. Pollok, within a few weeks of his death, entered Sir John's drawing-room, supported on the arm of a tall, florid, robust-looking clergyman, his friend, Mr. Brown. The wasted figure, the hollow cheeks, and the eye blazing with genius and with the excitement of grateful emotion, who can ever forget! Pollok's words, though pronounced in the very broadest Scotch, were eloquent with all the poetry of genius, while he warmly thanked Sir John for having been the herald of his fame to a world he must so soon and so certainly leave. It was with feelings of deep sensibility that the kind-hearted baronet went through this first and last interview with the poet, whose works he had admired, whose adversity he had relieved, and whose celebrity he had so greatly extended. When Pollok very soon afterwards died, a proposal was made that the fund collected by Sir John for the poet's relief should be expended in raising a monument to his memory; but the humane baronet said, that the best monument would be to relieve the poet's near relatives from that penury which had been so destructive to himself; and it was done. Never indifferent to the fame of Scotland on any subject, the zealous patriot took infinite pains to collect evidence on the genuineness of *Ossian's Poems*; found what he supposed to be the original manuscripts in Gaelic, which he placed in the hands of the Highland Society of London; and republished them with a preface, showing that Macpherson was only the translator.

Sir John had a strong feeling of sympathy for

the laboring poor, and was frequently heard in his latter years to say, when he observed an old man either breaking stones on the road, or carrying a heavy burden: "Why does the kind Providence who made us both, ordain that I shall roll in my carriage here at ease, while he is worn with bodily labor and inevitable poverty!" One day, having alighted from his chariot near a singularly abject-looking hovel, some miles from Edinburgh, he entered into conversation with the owner, an intelligent old laborer, working for very moderate wages, and living completely alone. On taking leave, our baronet, pleased with the aged man's civility and acuteness, kindly inquired whether he could serve him in any way; but this modern Diogenes, not quite so sulky as the ancient philosopher, replied, with a look of honest contentment: "There is not in this world a thing that I want, sir!" The baronet, much pleased, remarked afterwards that this poor abode was the only house in which he had ever discovered perfect happiness; and he requested one of his daughters to draw him a picture of that "one-windowed hut," in which lived the man who had not a wish ungratified. Who is not here amusingly reminded of what the Latin writer observes!—"Philus was not so rich as Lælius; Lælius was not so rich as Scipio; Scipio was not so rich as Crassus; and Crassus was not so rich—as he wished to be!" Very different from the cottager's experience was that of the great Lord Melville, when Sir John wished him on his birthday many happy years, and the minister of state thoughtfully replied: "They must be happier than the last, for I had not one happy day in it."

During many successive Parliaments, Sir John brought forward a bill for the enclosure of waste lands, when he spoke most eloquently about what he considered the danger of depending on foreign countries for a supply of grain, and of spending millions abroad to purchase that which might easily be raised at home. To support his opinion, he quoted a text from the Bible: "Herod was highly displeased with them of Tyre and Sidon; but they came with one accord to him, and, having made Blastus, the king's chamberlain, their friend, desired peace; because their country was nourished by the king's country." In one of Sir John's numerous speeches on the subject, he says: "While fighting in a campaign against our foreign enemies, why not attempt a campaign also against our great domestic foe—I mean the hitherto unconquered sterility of so large a proportion of this kingdom! Let us not be satisfied with the liberation of Egypt, or the subjugation of Malta; but let us subdue Finchley Common, let us conquer Hounslow Heath, let us compel Epping Forest to submit to the yoke of improvement!" One day, after passing over Hounslow Heath, Sir John urged his friend, the Duke of Northumberland, so earnestly to take measures for the enclosure of that barren tract, that it was done. This common, once the desolate and forlorn haunt of gypsies and of footpads, is now sprinkled with villas, and fragrant for acres around with roses, mignonette, and fruit-trees; but the general measure of rendering the waste commons productive, to which the patriotic heart of Sir John had been anxiously devoted, was negatived in Parliament, though by a very small majority. One of his favorite toasts to the last, when he presided at public dinners was: "May a common become at last an uncommon sight in Great Britain."

That amiable statesman, Mr. Perceval, in 1812, raised the income of the Board of Agriculture to 5000*l.* a year, saying, with the friendly feeling he always testified to Sir John, that he "most sincerely wished all the money voted by government were as usefully spent." Sir John, having very greatly impaired his private fortune, however, by the expenses of being president, now voluntarily resigned the office; and, eighteen years before his death, he became cashier of the Excise in Scotland, with an income of 2000*l.* a year, the greater part of which he afterwards perseveringly devoted to public objects.

Sir John's family was now very numerous; and in subsequent years, on the verge of death, he remarked, in his usual spirit of cheerful thankfulness, that he had lived to see seven sons grown up, not one of whom had ever incurred a debt he could not pay, or caused him a sorrow that could have been avoided. In devising plans for the cultivation of his children's minds, he displayed so much of the ingenuity which distinguished him on other subjects, that those who are parents themselves may perhaps read with a pleasing sympathy of one who established and carried out the domestic constitution in a most agreeable form of government. When absent from home, he promised to his young family a reward for the best letter that should be written to him during his absence, which led to a keen but friendly competition, generally ending by as many prizes being awarded as there were correspondents; and many an eager eye watched at the school-room window, when his return was expected home, for the white handkerchief fluttering out of the carriage, with which, as soon as it came in sight, he announced his approach. At an early period, he established a family periodical, named *The Spy*, the juvenile contributions to which were read aloud every Saturday after breakfast; and he sometimes suggested subjects for these essays. One of them was, "On the Comforts of Religion." Another day, he desired each of the children to choose one of the characters in Miss Edgeworth's novel, *Patronage*, then recently published, and to write a dissertation upon it; and subsequently, he told all his young people an amusing story, which they were desired to turn into rhyme. The result of this experiment was such an absurd collection of doggerel verses, as nearly extinguished Sir John himself, and the audience who heard them, with laughter. It became evident that there was no Milton or Byron in the family. Another very improving exercise of mind was tried, when the children had a supposititious person described before them, to whom they must write an appropriate letter of congratulation or condolence. A widow lady was perhaps imagined, who had lost two sons, one very promising, and the other a perfect contrast; or, a young lady had succeeded unexpectedly to a large fortune, by the death of a kind and pious relative, therefore the juvenile correspondents must express exactly what was suitable to be said on such an occasion.

On the great Scottish festival of Handsel Monday, one of the young people annually presented an ode as poet-laureate. Then Sir John, seated in great dignity beside Lady Sinclair, placed his family in a semicircle before them; and, after making a short speech to all in succession, expressive of his satisfaction with their conduct during the past year, he formally delivered a gift to each. One of these laureate odes, presented by

a poet trembling with excitement and bursting with laughter, taken at hazard from the mass, and given without the alteration or omission of a word, may afford some notion of the good-humored terms in which Sir John liked his children to address him:—

My dear Sir John, you must allow
'Tis time for me to make my bow,
And wish you, as in days of yore,
Health, peace, and joy in '24.

I'm glad to hear your lawsuit's won,
Th' election carried for your son;
Your rents all doubled, and your health
Increased as greatly as your wealth.

You've much improved, too, in your looks;
Prosperity attends your books;
Your son's promoted; corn is up;
The county's voted you a cup.

Merino flocks are thriving well—
Their wool at any price will sell;
—The Duke of Clarence e'en has worn
A coat from your Merinos shorn!

The *Code of Health* I often read;
On Caithness beef I always feed;
Grit-gruel, too, I much admire;
Of toast and water never tire!

I gargle with cold water, too;
The post* at Leith I daily touch,
And oft regret I ne'er meet you;
Of wine I never drink too much—

And now can like yourself maintain,
When racked by sickness and by pain;
'Tis well worth while all this t' endure
If I at last obtain a cure.

In short, Sir John, my only aim—
Although, alas! the copy's lame—
Is to resemble you in name,
In diet, habits, and in fame!

Sir John and Lady Sinclair placed such a generous confidence in their children, that nothing was kept secret from those who were old enough to understand the subjects in which they were themselves interested. Amidst the domestic circle, every letter was considered as a family newspaper, to be generally read and freely discussed. In their more mature years, when the father associated with his children on the most companionable terms, he intrusted them with all his thoughts and plans; and with characteristic good-humor told them they were perfectly at liberty to give him their opinion, or even their advice, on any subject, as it remained with himself whether to take it or not. He assured them that he never would be angry at their doing so with the most perfect freedom—and he never was.

One of his daughters began, at the age of fourteen, to act as his secretary during five or six hours a day, and thus acquired a habit of writing which, since his death, she has been unable to leave off; and the rest of his family were all sometimes employed at once, like the twelve secretaries of Cæsar, in copying, or in writing letters for him. Those who lived longest in the house with Sir John must ever remember him, year after year, the first up every morning, and one of the last at night, seated before a large, neatly-arranged writing-table, his papers mountain high, while he ceaselessly wrote himself, and dictated often at the same time to his secretary. Nothing in-

terrupted the regular course of Sir John's occupations, nor the sanguine vigor with which he pursued all his plans of public usefulness. There was in his nature an inextinguishable buoyancy and hopefulness—so that often, when his family were seriously apprehensive of the heavy disappointment he might naturally feel at the failure of some favorite plan for the public advantage, on which his whole heart had been set, and on which his whole time for months had been expended—they would enter his study with sympathizing anxiety, but find him already started in full career on some perfectly new plan for the country, while the old one of yesterday seemed already expunged from his thoughts.

Sir John might truly have adopted on the same principles the words of Galileo, who said when he became blind: "Whatever is pleasing to God shall be pleasing to me." He always maintained that the memory is like a large apartment, which people may furnish as they prefer; and asserted, with evident truth, that he had attained the agreeable art of precipitating out of his own mind whatever was painful, by substituting some new pursuit. Towards those who were ungrateful, or those who were his rivals in life, he seemed incapable of a ten-minutes' rancor. This, throughout his native county, was often censured, as, in his zeal to serve every Caithness-man, those who voted against him in the elections gained a decided advantage, for they obtained not only the benefit to be derived from their own party, but likewise the unalterable good offices of Sir John.

The baronet was an enemy to the system of continual cramming in education, without young people's minds being ventilated by leisure and recreation. Anxious that his family should be not only exercised in English composition, and familiar with English literature, but likewise that their attention should be early fixed on the history of their own times, he established among his children and nearest relatives a domestic debating society, which increased as a source of interest and diversion during many successive years. His daughter Lady Colquhoun, with her husband—his sister Mrs. Baillie, and her husband Lord Polkennet, one of the Scottish judges—others among his relations—and his son Sir George, after he was himself a member of Parliament—good-humoredly took part sometimes in these merry scenes. On the night on which any important question was discussed in the House of Commons, it was, with the very same formalities, and with an equal degree of apparent gravity, debated in the drawing-room of Charlotte Square. The speaker solemnly assumed his chair of state; and whatever orator once caught his eye, and stood up, obtained the most profound attention to any motion he proposed, seconded or negatived. The young people's speeches were often at great length, and most carefully prepared by previous study of newspapers and pamphlets. Party-feeling ran very high on the opposite benches; and each member was obliged, by the standing-orders of the house, to write down his own speech next morning, which he generally took the privilege of interlarding at discretion with "cheers," "hear! hear!" or "a laugh." A large ledger, in which those early efforts of oratory were then recorded, some of them in very juvenile text, still exists, and is sometimes a source of inexpressible amusement to the family circle when read aloud, though rolling years, as they pass away, have

* A particular post on Leith Pier, which Sir John considered as the limit of a good appetizing-walk before dinner.

cast a darkening shadow over all those pleasant reminiscences.

Latterly, the members dignified themselves into a House of Lords, when Sir John took the oaths and his seat as Duke of Candid-vote, supported by Lord Have-it-his-own-way, Lord Lengthen-debate, Lord Convince-us-all, Lord-led-by-the-nose, and other distinguished peers. Then the merits of public men were keenly discussed, and rewards voted to them with a liberality unprecedented under the most lavish administration. Of one statesman then living, a juvenile orator on the ministerial benches observed, with a final burst of enthusiasm, in pronouncing his panegyric, that he was "a Solon for law-giving, an Aristides for justice, a Cæsar for energy; and that, in short, all the philosophers, sages, and heroes of antiquity, were mere idiots in comparison with that pre-eminent individual."

Sir John allowed every member of his juvenile Parliament the uncontrolled privilege of bringing forward any proposition he pleased, due notice being given whether it were public or domestic; and those who had any favor to ask of Sir John often brought it forward as a parliamentary measure. One of the boys, anxious for a holiday excursion to Thurso Castle, rose in his character of Lord Wrong-vote, and proposed that there should be a government inspection of the fisheries in Caithness; and suggested that, for zeal and ability, no one could be compared to Mr. — Sinclair, who should be appointed to proceed there forthwith, receiving a liberal salary, and his expenses. This motion was vehemently opposed by the adverse party, and a most violent debate ensued; while the candidate for the fishery appointment sat listening, as Lord Wrong-vote, to the most indignant abuse and the most unbounded panegyric, showered in torrents upon the personage he had nominated. At length, the Duke of Candid-vote having brought over a numerous party to vote for Mr. — Sinclair, this motion was carried by the Wrong-vote party with acclamations, and the fortunate candidate set off for Caithness the following week. On one occasion, when an important discussion was expected, the ministerial party seemed in imminent danger of being beaten, as two of the boys were very ill of feverish colds in bed; but scarcely had the debate begun, before the door opened, and the two invalid members, wrapped up in cloaks, with a spirit worthy of Lord Chatham, were supported into the room amidst tumults of applause, and recorded their votes.

An expedition had been fitted out, on the motion of Lord Ever-on-his-legs, to the North Pole; and from that day, whenever any more immediate subject of debate was wanting, there arrived authentic accounts of the progress, escapes, and adventures of Admiral Sir Rigdum Funnidos. That entertaining navigator wrote details of whalebone houses, ice-windows, bread made of pounded fish-bones, distorted idols, sea-serpents, undiscovered seas, unknown islands, bears, icebergs, and whales, which would have astonished Sir John Ross.

Sir John Sinclair, having maintained during a debate that Andrew Meikle had been the original inventor of the thrashing-machine, was opposed by a numerous faction, who attributed the entire merit to Sir Francis Kinloch of Gilmerton, and voted him a statue. Next morning, when Sir John came down to breakfast, he saw a prodigious

pillar of snow raised immediately under his own library window, with an inscription to say it was reared in honor of Sir Francis Kinloch; and the edifice remained obstinately and conspicuously in its place till the middle of June.

The echo of those merry days remains yet with survivors; but the harvest of death has already done its work among the youngest and happiest; while the kind father who shared in these amusements, and conducted them, is often still remembered with a smile of pleasure, as well as with a tear of regret.

These few jottings are but as mile-stones on the long road of life, over which Sir John so diligently and actively trod, scattering benefits around him on all he could serve, and keeping an intelligent eye on the general good of his country; but as life wore on, his thoughtful mind became daily more occupied with the prospect of entering that better country which he always solemnly contemplated. During his latter years, Sir John never missed daily family prayers; and he printed a short summary of the best consolations to be derived in sorrow from religion, a copy of which he almost invariably sent, as a kind evidence of his sympathy, to any family of his acquaintance suffering under bereavement.

To witness a brave struggle, in advancing life, with its trials and infirmities when these are buffeted and borne in a truly Christian spirit, is an interesting spectacle for mankind, as all, if they live, must reach at last through the darkening shadows of existence to the final end of every earthly prospect. Sir John, with the weight of eighty years upon him, and his private income most seriously impaired by public enterprises, was resolved still, with hopeful perseverance, to command success, if possible, and to feel cheerfully satisfied with the result, even when that disappointed him. One of his old friends and contemporaries having written to Sir John, saying, that now, in his own seventy-second year, there was hardly a topic in this world on which he could feel sufficient interest to write, the zealous baronet remarked on this observation as follows:—

"You and I differ much in our conception of the duties incumbent upon us as human beings. You seem to think, that as soon as a man reaches a certain period of life, he ought to retire from public business, and give himself up to inactivity and quietness. My doctrines, on the other hand, are, that it is a duty incumbent on a man to endeavor to continue useful, both publicly and privately, as long as his personal vigor and mental powers will admit of it; that by giving himself up to inactivity, he loses, for want of exercise, both the strength of his body and the faculties of his mind, having nothing to think of but his infirmities when shut up in a useless system of existence. When you come to my period of life, I hope you will be able to act on these doctrines. Sir William Temple mentions with great applause the saying of Mynheer Hooft, of Amsterdam, that 'any man is a sorry wight who desired to live beyond threescore; and that, for his part, after that age, he should be glad of the first good occasion to die;' yet I shall not hesitate to own, that if it so please God, I can be very well content to live beyond that age, in hope of seeing mankind in general, and myself also in particular, grow wiser and better. The noble Duke of Seomberg was fit to appear at the head of an army after he was

turned of eighty; and when particular notice was taken of his vivacity at so advanced an age, he made answer, that a good general sounds his retreat as late as he can. I would strongly recommend you never to give up the pen as long as you can hold one, but occasionally to write short essays for newspapers, and other periodical publications. I have still some great works in contemplation. Though I may never live to finish any one of them, yet it is amusing to have them in view."

It may be truly said, that no one in this world was ever the less happy for Sir John's having lived in it—as his watchword was, in public life, "Usefulness," and in private life, "Kindness." His servants seemed to remain with him forever; and he tolerated in them faults that he would not have tolerated in himself. His most intimate friends used to say, that they had never once seen him even "elevated" with wine. An old butler, however, who declared that he got drunk "only for the honor of the family," and very frequently did so, had entered the establishment as a boy in the baronet's own youth, and died, at an unmentionable age, about five years ago, still a servant at Thurso Castle. The same old housekeeper, also, continued to wield the keys of office during much more than half a century, legislating over her own department among the preserves, and disapproving of all modern innovations. This aged domestic claimed the Highland gift of second-sight. It is a story in the family, that on one occasion she minutely described an accident as occurring on the bar of the river at Thurso, in which she named two men who were drowned, and another whom she mentioned as being preserved. All this, it is said, took place next day, exactly as she had previously related it.

During his latter years, Sir John very rarely dined out; but when he did so, his anxious wish was, that his own age or infirmities should be no drawback on the cheerfulness of younger men. Latterly, having found that the temperance which he had practised all his life suited his constitution best, he drank nothing but very weak negus, or toast-and-water. At dinner-parties, occasionally, Sir John's host would be surprised to observe beside his aged guest a decanter, the contents of which he felt certain were not from his own cellar—it was, in fact, a beverage compounded by Sir John's own butler, for his especial use, and which his servant was instructed to bring and set down by his side. Sometimes one of the jovial guests at his own table would say to Sir John, in a tone of curiosity: "You keep your own bottle entirely, I see, to yourself!" "Will you try it?" the baronet would good-humoredly ask, filling out a bumper, and smiling as he watched the astonishment of his friend on discovering it to be toast-and-water. Sir John's valet, from long practice, colored and strained it so exactly to resemble sherry in appearance, that the announcement of its real character seldom failed to excite a good deal of surprise as well as amusement. He was asked for the recipe; and some of his friends may yet remember the suitable notice, "How to make toast-and-water," which he jestingly printed, surmounted by a portrait of half a slice of bread.

With dignified calmness contemplating his latter end, Sir John, at the age of eighty, resolved on paying a farewell visit to Caithness, on which occasion two of his daughters accompanied him from

Edinburgh. Proceeding with his own carriage and horses, the aged traveller took thirteen days to reach his far-distant residence. It was a solemn journey, for he was now to bid a last adieu to all the scenes he most loved on earth. Friend after friend had departed; the voices of his contemporaries were silent in the grave; and every landmark was a dumb memorial of years and generations gone like the leaves of autumn. Sir John's remembrances stretched so far backwards into other days, that he seemed, as he felt himself, the last of a long-vanished generation. He observed that every house was now tenanted by the grandchildren of those who had been his own friends and companions; their portraits hung silently around him in houses where once they had received him with smiles of cordial welcome; and their memory brought back scenes which none now on earth remembered but himself.

Still, he enjoyed his progress much, and delighted to explore, accompanied by his daughters, the hills and glens with which his eye had been in early life familiar. It was astonishing, on the rocky shore of Caithness, to watch him one day—taking no companion but a favorite old walking-stick—scrambling, with marvellous agility, over a long ridge of wet, slippery rocks, to revisit a well-remembered creek, where, as a boy, seventy years before, he had been accustomed to bathe.

The magistrates of Thurso, as soon as they heard of his approach, came forth in their robes to welcome their old friend, and to conduct him in procession through the town; but he avoided this exciting reception by turning off his carriage into an unusual route. The whole population had hastened out also, to meet the much-revered traveller; so that Thurso, as he drove slowly through, would have seemed like a city of the dead but for the flags decorating every window. Next morning, a deputation of the magistrates and inhabitants arrived to present Sir John with an address; and a public dinner, most numerous attended, was given to him by universal consent.

When, at the end of two months, he set out on his last pilgrimage to leave his native county, the hearts of all men, conscious that they were to see him no more, seemed to glow with kindness towards one who had so long reciprocated every feeling of attachment. As "the good old country gentleman" passed onwards, every proprietor and farmer whose property lay near the road, met him on the first boundary of his lands, and escorted his carriage on horseback to the extreme verge of his estate, when each in succession bade him a friendly and final farewell. The last proprietor towards the south was Mr. Horne, long Sir John's confidential agent. Being himself too old to ride as the others had done, he followed in his carriage; and when he reached the topmost ridge of the Orde, which divides Caithness from Sutherland, he alighted to take a last cordial leave, and Sir John did the same. Those two friends, who had known each other intimately for above sixty years, now stood side by side, and looked back together on the past scenes of their existence; then silently shaking hands, they separated forever.

It was a part of Sir John's religion, to be happy himself as well as to make others so; and he felt always in a very remarkable degree free from that dread of the physical sufferings of death, by which so many are all their lifetime enslaved. The words written to him by Bishop Watson from his death-

bed, might have equally suited Sir John : " I wait with fortitude and humble trust the exit of this life, and the beginning of another."

While preparing in very solemn earnest for the closing scene of his active life, Sir John nevertheless associated cheerfully with a numerous circle of friends and relatives, as well as with many foreigners, who brought introductions to his house. The venerable baronet felt a hospitable responsibility, that those who visited his native country should see it to advantage ; and he kept an open house to the very last. His hearing continued perfect ; he could read the smallest type ; and his cheerfulness was such, that strangers must have looked in his face to be certain he was old. It was his custom every night, exactly as the clock struck ten, to enter the drawing-room for an hour of social relaxation, when all his family were expected to lay aside their occupations for the enjoyment of home-society ; and then he liked to be told the most minute particulars respecting domestic feelings or events, as well as to hear his favorite music on the piano. The last time any of his family were out with him in a carriage, was on the occasion of a severe accident having happened in the house of his daughter, Lady Glasgow, in the absence of the family, to one of her servants. Hearing that the poor old woman had fallen down an area at Colinton, and fractured several bones, he immediately ordered his carriage, and drove there, three miles off, with one of his daughters, to ascertain that she had the best medical advice, and to give the most minute directions in respect to her comfort and safety. Next morning Sir John took an airing alone to Lasswade, a beautiful village, which he had always admired, about seven miles off. He subsequently entertained Professor Forbes, Sir Reginald Macdonald, and other friends at dinner, and remained up some time after their departure, commenting with animated enjoyment on the various subjects recently discussed. Sir John retired with his usual cheerfulness, first to business, and then to bed ; but next morning the valet found his venerable master almost insensible from extreme weakness. He was cold and shivering, but quite collected, and calmly asked one of his daughters whether this attack had been caused by any fit. On being assured that it was not, Sir John seemed perfectly satisfied, and remained in bed for several days. During that time, he committed to paper his ideas on the manifold subjects which occupied his ever-busy mind ; and by his desire the Bible was very frequently read to him. Being now, for the first time these many years, unable to attend family-prayers, he desired that the same chapter which had been read in the domestic circle should always be repeated to him, with appropriate prayers.

Conscious that he was now on his death-bed, he spoke frequently of the distress this event would cause to the absent members of his family ; for he had a general confidence in his children, in his friends, and in his country, that the respect and regret with which all good men are anxious to be remembered, would attend on his memory. He had done his duty to them, and he felt confident of being kindly and justly appreciated.

The last words on temporal matters that he was ever heard to utter, expressed a warm attachment to the Highlands, and very deep regret that the moral and religious welfare of the people had been hitherto so inadequately provided for.

On the 24th of December, 1835, a week from

the commencement of Sir John's illness, symptoms of immediate dissolution suddenly came on. He then ordered the curtains of the bed to be closed, saying : " All is now over ! Retire, that I may pray." While his family stood in mournful silence around the bed, unseen by their dying father, his voice was heard for some time in a calm and solemn tone, commending his soul to God. When the sound of those much-revered accents ceased, one of his sons anxiously drew aside the curtain ; he had fallen back insensible, and in a few minutes more breathed his last.

Sir John's old friend and contemporary, the Duke of Hamilton, who truly estimated his public services, awarded a place of interment for the venerable patriot in the Chapel-Royal at Holyrood House. The magistrates of Edinburgh, and a deputation from the Highland Society of Scotland testified their esteem by attending his funeral.

Two volumes of his correspondence with the remarkable men of his time, beginning with Washington and his contemporaries, and coming down to the statesmen who still flourish on the public scene, were published during his lifetime, and constitute a very curious and entertaining work. After his death, his own biographical memoirs were written, and published by his son, Archdeacon Sinclair. It is hoped that the present sketch, though not professing to go much into the details of particular transactions, will at least serve to convey the general character of his life, as that of a man who, by the faithful and diligent use of the means and talents he possessed, a constant regard to duty, and the general conviction he gave of his own perfect disinterestedness, was able to promote the good of his kind in many practical ways, leaving an example of public serviceableness which, even while he is dead, " yet speaketh."

Preciosa. A Tale. John Chapman, 145, Strand. 1852.

This very singular and deeply-interesting story is conceived and wrought out in a manner which has scarcely a precedent or parallel in the whole range of the romantic literature of this country. Whether the idea be an original one, or borrowed from something similar to be met with among the German romancists, is more than we can pretend to determine ; but the details are managed with admirable skill, and the interest of the narrative, though it is altogether connected with one event, which never takes place, never slackens, but deepens and accumulates up to the very last page and paragraph, which consigns the unfortunate hero to the embrace of a grim fortitude as his last and only resource against a hopeless destiny. *Preciosa* is an exquisitely-drawn character, but one, we humbly conceive, whom a merciful Providence has never permitted to exist save in the capacious brain of a man of genius. She is at once more and less than woman, a ministering angel and a torturing fiend, the former from innate goodness, the latter from circumstance. Lovely, affectionate, accomplished, and unselfish, she wants the one element of passion to make her human, and, wanting that, works the life-ruin of her best friend, who is doomed to wear out his days in the miserable proof that—

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

The plot of the tale is extremely simple, and might be comprised in a short paragraph, which we forbear to write because it would mar the effect of the careful perusal of the volume, which we warmly recommend to the reader.—*Tail.*

From the Athenæum.

Ruth; a Novel. By the Author of "Mary Barton." 3 vols. Reprinted by Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Boston.

ALL who have been anxiously looking out for a second novel by the author of "Mary Barton" (and they are many) must have been prepared by the motto of her new book, published some days ago, for a tale of sin, expiation, and atonement. So grave, indeed, is the penitential stanza, by Phineas Fletcher, chosen for its epigraph, as to indicate that the aim of the author has been to teach no less than to move, and to bring herself within the circle of what must be called religious novelists. In so far as we are able to judge of the manner in which such responsibility is understood by her, there is nothing to offend. We are vexed by no evil polemics—not tempted into controversy by dogmas put forth as infallible truths—not startled by the arraying of class against class or sect against sect, under the shallow pretence of promoting brotherly love. The temper of "Ruth," as a tale, is admirable; more admirable, however, than its logic—and, therefore, than its art.

We must make our meaning somewhat clearer, by following to a certain point the argument of this story, and indicating the machinery used to work out its moral. Ruth Hilton is a dress-maker's apprentice in "an assize town in one of the eastern counties;" an orphan, alone in the world, a creature full of graces—and, therefore, marked out for temptation. The misery of her apprenticeship is well described, because it is not exaggerated with a view of exciting false sympathy. Her employer, Mrs. Mason, is no tyrannical ogress—she is merely a self-interested woman, pinched and preoccupied by her own struggle with narrow fortunes. Nor are the chances which fling Ruth into error superfluously romantic. While attending on the ladies at a public ball she is seen by the partner of a spoiled beauty—she is subsequently thrown in his way by chance, and the sad but not strange consequences ensue which it is needless to specify. Mr. Bellingham is just beginning to weary for another world than that of her smiles, when he is seized with a fever at a little inn in Wales. His family are written for; his mother arrives to watch within his sick-chamber. Ruth must watch without.—

She began to hope, and to long for the morning when hope might have become certainty. It was all in vain that she was told that the room she had been in all day was at her service; she did not say a word, but she was not going to bed that night, of all nights in the year, when life or death hung trembling in the balance. She went into the sick-room till the bustling house was still, and heard busy feet passing to and fro into the room that she might not enter; and voices, imperious, though hushed down to a whisper ask for innumerable things. Then there was silence; and when she thought that all were dead asleep, except the watchers, she stole out into the gallery. On the other side were two windows, cut into the thick stone wall, and flower-pots were placed on the shelves thus formed, where great, untrimmed, straggling geraniums grew and strove to reach the light. The window near Mr. Bellingham's door was open; the soft, warm-scented night air came sighing in in faint gusts, and then was still. It was summer; there was no black darkness in the twenty-four hours; only the light grew dusky, and color disappeared from objects, of which the shape and form remained distinct. A soft, gray oblong of barred light fell on the flat wall opposite to the windows, and deeper gray

shadows marked out the tracery of the plants, more graceful thus than in reality. Ruth crouched where no light fell. She sat on the ground close by the door; but her whole existence was absorbed in listening; all was still; it was only her heart beating with the strong, heavy, regular sound of a hammer. She wished she could stop its rushing, incessant clang. She heard a rustle of a silken gown, and knew it ought not to have been worn in a sick-room; for her senses seemed to have passed into the keeping of the invalid, and to feel only as he felt. The noise was probably occasioned by some change of posture in the watcher inside, for it was once more dead-still. The soft wind outside sank with a low, long, distant moan among the winding of the hills, and lost itself there, and came no more again. But Ruth's heart beat loud. She rose with as little noise as if she were a vision, and crept to the open window to try and lose the nervous listening for the ever-recurring sound. Out beyond, under the calm sky, veiled with a mist rather than with a cloud, rose the high, dark outlines of the mountains, shutting in that village as if it lay in a nest. They stood, like giants, solemnly watching for the end of earth and time. Here and there a black, round shadow reminded Ruth of some "Cwm," or hollow, where she and her lover had rambled in sun and in gladness. She then thought the land enchanted into everlasting brightness and happiness; she fancied, then, that into a region so lovely no bale or woe could enter, but would be charmed away and disappear before the sight of the glorious guardian mountains. Now she knew the truth, that earth has no barrier which avails against agony. It comes lightning-like down from heaven, into the mountain house and the town garret; into the palace and into the cottage. The garden lay close under the house; a bright spot enough by day; for in that soil whatever was planted grew and blossomed in spite of neglect. The white roses glimmered out in the dusk all the night through; the red were lost in shadow. Between the low boundary of the garden and the hills swept one or two green meadows; Ruth looked into the gray darkness till she traced each separate wave of outline. Then she heard a little restless bird chirp out its wakefulness from a nest in the ivy round the walls of the house. But the mother bird spread her soft feathers and hushed it into silence. Presently, however, many little birds began to scent the coming dawn, and rustled among the leaves, and chirruped loud and clear. Just above the horizon, too, the mist became a silvery gray cloud hanging on the edge of the world; presently it turned shimmering white; and then, in an instant, it flushed into rose, and the mountain tops sprang into heaven, and bathed in the presence of the shadow of God. With a bound, the sun of a molten, fiery red came above the horizon, and immediately thousands of little birds sang out for joy, and a soft chorus of mysterious, glad murmurs came forth from the earth; the low, whispering wind left its hiding-place among the clefts and hollows of the hills, and wandered among the rustling herbs and trees, waking the flower-buds to the life of another day. Ruth gave a sigh of relief that the night was over and gone; for she knew that soon suspense would be ended, and the verdict known, whether for life or for death. She grew faint and sick with anxiety; it almost seemed as if she must go into the room and learn the truth. Then she heard movements; but they were not sharp or rapid, as if prompted by any emergency; then, again, it was still. She sat curled up upon the floor, with her head thrown back against the wall, and her hands clasped round her knees. She had yet to wait. Meanwhile, the invalid was slowly rousing himself from a long, deep, sound, health-giving sleep. His mother had sat by him the night through, and was now daring to change her position for the first time; she was even venturing to give directions in a low voice to the old nurse, who had dozed away in an

arm-chair, ready to obey any summons of her mistress. Mrs. Bellingham went on tiptoe towards the door, and chiding herself because her stiff, weary limbs made some slight noise. She had an irrepressible longing for a few minutes' change of scene after her night of watching. She felt that the crisis was over; and the relief to her mind made her conscious of every bodily feeling and irritation, which had passed unheeded as long as she had been in suspense. She slowly opened the door. Ruth sprang upright at the first sound of the creaking handle. Her very lips were stiff and unpliant with the force of the blood which rushed to her head. It seemed as if she could not form words. She stood right before Mrs. Bellingham.—"How is he, Madam?"

Our readers will agree that there is a pathos in the above night-piece equal to anything in Mrs. Inchbald's tales of the heart—with added touches of descriptive observation which, if Mrs. Inchbald commanded, she never employed. It is needless for us to cite Mrs. Bellingham's answer to Ruth's question. The poor creature's wreck is complete; ignominy and abandonment appear to be her doom. Now begins the important part of the story—the lesson of Faith, Hope, and Charity, to inculcate which the tale in hand has been undertaken. The ill-starred outcast is not deserted in her anguish. Ruth has, by chance, fallen in with a dissenting clergyman, by whom the nature and the circumstances of her error have been early discerned. He is present at the crisis of despair which threatens her death—is touched with compassion—and resolves, almost instinctively, to succor and to save her. Summoning to his aid a maiden sister, they nurse the desolate outcast throughout her illness, and take her home with them. She is to be domesticated with them from thenceforth. Nothing in the way of Art can be truer or more natural than the description of their return home, and of their reception on arriving, by virtuous indignation, in the form of an old family servant, Sally—whose character is, throughout, racy, full of humor, womanly heart and womanly prejudice. The difficulty and delicacy of the task which they have undertaken have already troubled both. If Ruth, who is about to become a mother, can be saved (they think) her real history must be concealed. She is accordingly presented by the clergyman and his sister as a widowed Mrs. Denbigh, and in this character occupation as a governess is provided for her;—not without some misgivings on the part of the preacher, and (we are told rather than shown) after-remorse, when, at a subsequent period, the truth comes to light.

Here we come on the error of the tale as a piece of teaching;—an error which many persons will imagine decides the soundness or unsoundness of choosing such a subject as the basis of a work of Art. For the purification of Ruth, our author (without intending it) has been driven by her regard for popular opinion to resort to a piece of artistic disingenuousness, no less untenable than Richardson's expedient for bringing off *Sir Charles Grandison* with a high hand in spite of his refusal to fight duels. A good man such as Mr. Benson is shown to be—preaching Truth in the face of his congregation, week by week—could not, we apprehend, so easily have connived at an actual lie, such as is set down for him;—and this from no narrow respect for conventionalism—but from the belief that to practise one virtue, another must not be compromised. We

feel to the fullest the difficulty of the dilemma—need it be added, that we cannot range ourselves with those sinless and Pharisaical casters of stones who would hunt a fellow-creature into ignominy and perdition!—but this tampering with "the simplicity and godly sincerity" of one who by his calling was bound, as a first duty, to uphold these virtues—is a luckless expedient; well-intentioned, but ill-imagined—and as such, yet another corroboration of our long-entertained notion, that questions like the argument of "Ruth" are hardly to be argued in Fiction without sacrifice of reality somewhere. To keep hold of the reader's sympathy, the writer's rectitude must, we fear, be in some degree vitiated.

We have no wish, however, to push objection further in the case of one who writes with such feeling, such earnestness and such beauty as the author of "Ruth." Our protest must not be withheld, since it is not one of impulse—but of long-tryed principle; but our praise of that which is praiseworthy in the execution of this tale need be none the less cordial. The entire conduct of incidents (this warped morality allowed for) is excellent in its quietness—with the exception of the *tirade* of *Jemima Bradshaw*, when *Ruth Hilton's* history is at last known, and the warm-hearted girl takes her part. This is too much in the style of the theatrical explanations of the heroines of Mr. Dickens' Christmas books. Among the characters, we have singled out the maid Sally, as perhaps the best; and by way of relieving the pain which on many grounds this tale has given us, we will exhibit her to the reader as discoursing in her rough north-country fashion upon that subject dearest of all others to

the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares,

be she ever so old, ever so ugly, ever such a dragon in her resolution of "distancing" the other sex.—

"Well, you see, I don't know as I could call them sweethearts; for excepting John Rawson, who was shut up in a madhouse the next week, I never had what you may call a downright offer of marriage but once. But I had once; so I may say I had a sweetheart. I was beginning to be afeared though, for one likes to be axed; that's but civility; and I remember, after I had turned forty, and afore Jeremiah Dixon had spoken, I began to think John Rawson had perhaps not been so very mad, and that I'd done ill to lightly his offer, as a madman's, if it was to be the only one I was ever to have; I don't mean as I'd have had him, but I thought, if it was to come over again, I'd speak respectful of him to folk, and say it were only his way to go about on all-fours, but that he was a sensible man in most things. However, I'd had my laugh, and so had others, at my crazy lover, and it was late now to set him up as a Solomon. However, I thought it would be no bad thing to be tried again; but I little thought the trial would come when it did. You see, Saturday night is a leisure night in counting-houses and such like places, while it's the busiest of all for servants. Well, it was a Saturday night, and I'd my baize apron on, and the tails of my bed-gown pinned together behind, down on my knees, pipeclaying the kitchen, when a knock comes to the back door. 'Come in!' says I; but it knocked again, as if it were too stately to open the door for itself; so I got up, rather cross, and opened the door; and there stood Jerry Dixon, Mr. Holt's head clerk; only he was not head clerk then. So I stood, stopping up the door, fancying he wanted to speak to master; but he kind of pushed past me,

and telling me summat about the weather (as if I could not see it for myself), he took a chair, and sat down by the oven. "Cool and easy!" thought I; meaning himself, not his place, which I knew must be pretty hot. Well! it seemed no use standing waiting for my gentleman to go; not that he had much to say either; but he kept twirling his hat round and round, and smoothing the nap on 't with the back of his hand. So at last I squatted down to my work, and thinks I, I shall be on my knees all ready if he puts up a prayer, for I knew he was a Methodee by bringing-up, and had only lately turned to master's way of thinking; and them Methodees are terrible hands at unexpected prayers when one least looks for 'em. I can't say I like their way of taking one by surprise, as it were; but, then, I'm a parish-clerk's daughter, and could never demean myself to dissenting fashions, always save and except Master Thurstan's, bless him. However, I'd been caught once or twice unawares, so this time I thought I'd be up to it, and I moved a dry duster wherever I went, to kneel upon in case he began when I were in a wet place. By-and-by I thought, if the man would pray it would be a blessing, for it would prevent his sending his eyes after me wherever I went; for when they takes to praying they shuts their eyes, and quivers th' lids in a queer kind o' way—them dissenters does. I can speak pretty plain to you, for you're bred in the church like myself, and must find it as out o' the way as I do to be among dissenting folk. God forbid I should speak disrespectful of Master Thurstan and Miss Faith, though; I never think on them as church or dissenters, but just as Christians. But to come back to Jerry. First, I tried always to be cleaning at his back; but when he wheeled round, so as always to face me, I thought I'd try a different game. So, says I, 'Master Dixon, I ax your pardon, but I must pipeplay under your chair. Will you please to move?' Well, he moved; and by-and-by I was at him again with the same words; and at after that again and again, till he were always moving about wi' his chair behind him, like a snail as carries its house on its back. And the great gampus never seed that I were pipeplaying the same places twice over. At last I got desperate cross, he were so in my way; so I made two big crosses on the tails of his brown coat; for you see, wherever he went, up or down, he drew out the tails of his coat from under him, and stuck them through the bars of the chair; and flesh and blood could not resist pipeplaying them for him; and a pretty brushing he'd have, I reckon, to get it off again. Well! at length he clears his throat uncommon loud; so I spreads my duster, and shuts my eyes all ready; but when nought comed of it, I opened my eyes a little bit to see what he were about. My word! if there he was n't down on his knees right facing me, staring as hard as he could. Well! I thought it would be hard work to stand that, if he made a long ado; so I shut my eyes again, and tried to think serious, as became what I fancied were coming; but forgive me! but I thought why couldn't the fellow go in and pray wi' Master Thurstan, as had always a calm spirit ready for prayer, instead o' me, who had my dresser to scour, let alone an apron to iron. At last he says, says he, 'Sally! will you oblige me with your hand?' So I thought it were, maybe, Methodee fashion to pray hand in hand; and I'll not deny but I wished I'd washed it better after black-leading the kitchen fire. I thought I'd better tell him it were not so clean as I could wish, so says I, 'Master Dixon, you shall have it, and welcome, if I may just go and wash 'em first.' But says he, 'My dear Sally, dirty or clean, it's all the same to me, seeing I'm only speaking in a figuring way. What I'm asking on my bended knees is, that you'd please to be so kind as to be my wedded wife; week after next will suit me if it's agreeable to you!' My word! I were up on my feet in an instant! It were

odd now, weren't it? I never thought of taking the fellow, and getting married; for all, I'll not deny, I had been thinking it would be agreeable to be axed. But all at once, I could n't abide the chap. 'Sir,' says I, trying to look shame-faced as became the occasion, but for all that, feeling a twittering round my mouth that I were afraid might end in a laugh—'Master Dixon, I'm obleeged to you for the compliment, and thank ye all the same, but I think I'd prefer a single life.' He looked mighty taken aback; but in a minute he cleared up, and was as sweet as ever. He still kept on his knees, and I wished he'd take himself up; but, I reckon, he thought it would give force to his word; says he, 'Think again, my dear Sally. I've a four-roomed house, and furniture conformable; and 80*l*. a year. You may never have such a chance again.' There were truth enough in that, but it was not pretty in the man to say it; and it put me up a bit. 'As for that, neither you nor I can tell, Master Dixon. You're not the first chap as I have had down on his knees afore me, axing me to marry him (you see I were thinking of John Rawson, only I thought there were no need to say he were on all-fours—it were truth he were on his knees, you know), and maybe you'll not be the last. Anyhow, I've no wish to change my condition just now.'

The above is a bit of honest, unlicked, unpainted nature; as good, after its kind, as the sturdiest Flemish housewife to whose thick legs and blunt features Maas did full justice,—or as the inimitable *Meg Dods* of "St. Ronan's," in Scott's novel.

From Fraser's Magazine.

Pictures from Sicily. By the Author of "Forty Days in the Desert." London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co., 25 Paternoster-row. 1853.

WHEN a man uniting in his own person the possession of good literary capabilities and first-rate talent as an artist, sets forth on a travelling-expedition with the intention of perpetuating, both by pencil and pen, the scenes, the incidents, and the impressions of his journey, we are justified in expecting something more than an ordinary book as the result of his labors. It would seem that Mr. Bartlett, while engaged in the preparation of the present volume, had been fully aware that great things were expected of him. At any rate, he has done what very few men could do; he has surpassed himself on this occasion, and produced a series of pictures which, now that Turner is gone, none of our artists, with the exception, perhaps, of Pyne, could be found to equal. He has painted the atmosphere with a truth and delicacy which in some of these southern landscapes gives the eye a range of thirty or forty miles in the space of a few square inches; the exquisite feeling shown in the management of the distances is, in fact, worthy of the highest praise. In matters of architectural detail he is equally successful, as a single glance at the frontispiece, the interior of the Chapel Royal at Palermo, will show—that engraving presenting as near an approach to the effect of color as it is perhaps possible to give in black and white alone. Again, the effect of time upon the crumbling columns of many a Grecian temple, which has stood the storms and wrecks of twenty centuries, is so happily rendered that one might almost swear to their date without recurring to their history. Mr. Bartlett has been fortunate in his engravers, who have entered into the spirit of the artist, and done justice both to

themselves and him. The literary portion of the work is in no way unworthy of the pictorial—in one sense even that is pictorial, for the author paints, and must paint, whether he handles the pencil or the pen. One or two of his pen-pictures we will transfer to our columns. The following is a description of the population of Naples:—

Our way lay along the sea-shore, through the noisiest quarter of Naples, and of what that is nothing but experience can convey an adequate idea. The noise of London is caused by the monotonous roar of thousands of vehicles incessantly rolling over the pavement; the sound of the human voice seems rarely heard. But here it is the very reverse. To hear for the first time the confused babble of innumerable voices which arises from Naples, you would suppose that it could be caused by nothing less than a general insurrection. The most ordinary transaction is accompanied by an infinity of passionate outcries, ludicrous superlatives, and almost frenzied gesticulation. The voice is pitched in a high shrill note, which the least excitement exalts into a downright scream, and the Neapolitan is thrown into a state of excitement even upon the most trivial cause. Where that is wanting I have heard them yell for the mere pleasure of exercising the lungs. Clamor, in short, is to this people a necessity of existence. In this climate, moreover, among the poorer classes, half the avocations of life are carried on almost or wholly in the street, where they work at their respective trades—cook, wash, eat, scold, fight, and perform almost all the suggestions of appetite and the functions of nature in the sight of every passenger. Such a burrow of filth as the lower part of Naples is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere; the fry of its population may be likened to the maggots with which a decayed cheese is all in a ferment—as nasty, as closely packed, as busy and as happy.

We must accompany the author and artist in his descent from Mount Vesuvius, after having a peep into the crater.

We had now to descend the mountain upon the side facing Pompeii, opposite to that by which we came up, and utterly unlike it, being, in fact, a long and steep inclined plane of deep, loose volcanic dust, without a single block of lava, or impediment whatever; so that we might have rolled a ball nearly from the top to the bottom. By the guide's direction, we therefore adopted a suitable style of descent. Driving his heels into the sand, and leaning back to preserve his equilibrium, he darted forwards, or rather downwards, at railroad speed, disappearing amidst a cloud of dust, which seemed to roll after him down the side of the mountain. A moment's hesitation, and we dashed after him in like manner, and speedily found, that, once committed to the descent, it required the utmost exertion of the muscles, like those of an unhappy victim on the treadmill, or the traveller when the bottom of his chaise fell out and he had to run for his life, to keep on with unfaltering velocity and increasing momentum to the goal. A single pause or hitch in the flying descent, and we should have flung off at a tangent, heels over head, performing endless gyrations and summersaults, till abruptly pulled up by the first obstacle to our headlong career, with the breath beaten out of our bodies. Tremendous was the excitement of the race. Our coat-tails flew out behind; our hair streamed in the wind; our straw hats, threatening to take flight, were wildly grasped by one hand, while with the other we controlled our movements as with a rudder; our legs going like the strokes of a piston, and our lungs in a perfect roar of laughter; albeit, half-suffocated with the dust of our own raising, we happily achieved the descent without a single trip or tumble, in a space of time which

seemed quite ridiculous compared to that which it had taken us to climb up.

Mr. Bartlett falls in with some Germans.

Of all travelling companions, commend me (says he) to the Germans; there is about them a plainness and heartiness congenial to John Bull. And then the economy of the thing! only leave them to manage the expenses, to do battle with the innkeepers, and you will come off at least a third cheaper than in your own character of an Englishman. . . . One of these gentlemen was a savant from Berlin, a man of immense information, but of almost child-like simplicity of manner, and as full of animal spirits as a schoolboy broke loose for a holiday. . . . When the account was presented, it was his custom to pore over it long and intently; then, pointing to it with his finger, he slowly lifted up his eyes to those of the trembling waiter, with a solemn intensity of stare, as if to petrify the wretch who could dare to present so infamous and extortionate a demand. The battle then began in earnest, every item being disputed with the utmost fierceness and tenacity, the conflict ending in a considerable reduction; the innkeeper, knowing that if he charged the articles at less than prime cost he would have to take something off, having prudently put down more than he expected to get, although not more than he would have been perfectly contented to receive.

The following is a picture of sunrise seen from the summit of Mount Etna; we question if the pencil could have painted it better:—

It was between three and four; the stars were rapidly disappearing from the paling sky, while the eastern horizon began to redden faintly with the dawn. Everything in the vast gulf below was dark and formless—the sea barely distinguishable from the land—vast, whitish clouds, like wool-sacks, floating solemnly above it. A few bars of crimson soon appeared in the eastern horizon, the sea-line became defined, the jagged edges of the distant mountains of Apulia cut against the sky. At this moment our guides shouted to us to stand upon the edge of the crater, and look out over the interior of the island, which stretched away to the westward like a sea of rugged summits, blended in the shadowy mists of dawn. Just as the sun rose, an immense shadow of the most exquisite purple was projected from the volcano high over the island, while without its range the light struck with magic suddenness upon the tops of the mountains below—a phenomenon so admirably beautiful that it would more than have repaid us for the labor of the ascent.

But we have trespassed upon our space, and must forbear any further extracts. The relation of the author's tour is preceded by an historical summary, by means of which the reader may renew, at a very small expense of labor, his knowledge on the subject of ancient and classical Sicily, and trace the principal events which have happened upon the island from the time of its first colonization by the Athenians down to the massacres of the brutal and bloody Bomba. He may then, in the company of the lively and intelligent author and artist, visit every place worthy of note, and become intimately acquainted, as well with the eminently picturesque aspect of the island, abounding in Grecian and Norman antiquities, as with the social and domestic life of its modern inhabitants. The volume is in all respects admirably got up, and fitted for what it is designed for—a really handsome present.

From the Spectator.

Lamartine's Restoration of Monarchy in France.
Volume Fourth.*

THIS volume commences with the ministry of Villèle, and closes with the close of its subject—the forcible end of the Restoration by the Revolution of July, and the embarkation of the dethroned old king and his family at Cherbourg. The principal intervening subjects, in foreign affairs, are the invasion of Spain to restore Ferdinand, Greece with the battle of Navarino, and the conquest of Algiers. At home, the narrative is occupied with the intrigues or violence of factions rather than of parties, the “characters” of successive ministers, the death of Louis the Eighteenth, and the strange infatuation both civil and military which led to the downfall of the monarchy of the elder Bourbons.

The work is more cumbrous than heretofore. In part this is owing to the nature of the events. Civil affairs, especially relating to a foreign country, and dealing with debate or intrigue, can never have the interest which attaches to a great military narrative. A portion of the defect is due to the author. For he handles his subject too much in detail, at least for English readers; drawing portraits of ministers and politicians, forgotten here, and at a length which belongs rather to the minuteness of biography than the breadth of history. The same error is visible in his political narrative; it is too detailed, and too much encumbered with speeches. Perhaps, too, the “*quorum pars fui*” appears disadvantageously in the form of personal feeling. The diminished interest, however, is mainly owing to the smaller interest of the persons and the actions, seen from a present point of view. They may have interest enough hereafter, when the entire result on France will be perceived, and their influence estimated as part of a fearful whole.

Yet the book is not without the importance which arises from a political moral. Throughout the whole narrative, that blind and reckless spirit of faction is visible which has cast so much discredit on parliamentary government in France, and, by leading to the notion that it was impossible, has caused its destruction. Louis the Eighteenth appears to have been blameless. His whole reign was one of prudent resistance to extreme measures; sometimes of resistance to liberal rashness, ever to the violent measures of the old noblesse and the priests. Even the earlier portion of Charles the Tenth's reign was moderate, though a monarch with his ideas and advisers would be sure eventually to have gone; but impulsive vivacity furnished even him with some excuse for anger, though not for folly. The worst feature throughout, however, is the want of principle and self-respect in French politicians. The two extremes were always ready to coalesce to gain a victory over an opponent, even when the opponent's measure was approved by one party of the coalition. Every sect seemed utterly careless of the consequences of their acts; they would destroy anything, without regard to what they should erect, or whether anything could be erected. The

republicans, when personally respectable, seemed to have the most disinterestedness and principle.

By the nature of the case, or by a formed design, a character of meanness or littleness pervades the entire action. Where the actors are not dramatically exhibited as vicious or morally weak, they are painted as incapable. The “glorious three days” themselves appear as a very sorry affair. Charles and his ministers are exhibited as bigoted, besotted, and blind to consequences, rashly provoking an insurrection, yet making no provision to meet it. The bulk of the legitimists are described as treacherous and silly; the party that afterwards became Orleanists, as incapable, fearful, waiting upon Providence, and forced at last to decide by the resolution of two or three men. The humbler republicans and imperialists, assisted by the gamins of Paris, who chiefly did the fighting, appear more respectable from their active courage; yet even the combat itself is treated as something like a riot, that would never have broken out, or might easily have been put down, had the ministry prepared a sufficient force and a proper commander; nay, Marmont, though his heart was not in the work, might have done better had not his troops been too much spread. A kind of halo is thrown over some of the royal family, by their courage, their misfortunes, and their alleged personal virtues; but it is produced at the expense of their discretion and common sense.

The exception to this implied universal censure is Louis the Eighteenth. He stands forth in Lamartine's pages as a moderating and controlling power; capable, with less infirm health and longer life, of amalgamating the Revolution and the Restoration and founding a solid constitutional government, instead of merely keeping parties quiet by his prudence. As Lamartine, in a former volume, painted the monarch in youth, manhood, and exile, so he now limns him in age and death; ascribing to him a simplicity of habits which will be new information to many.

The court by its splendor certainly recalled that of the Grand Monarque; only that, behind all this official and external pomp of his palace, Louis XVIII. preserved some images of his original mediocrity, and some habits of private life, retired and studious, contracted in the changeable residences of his long exile. The king loved to remind himself of his proscription.

All the great offices of the court had been reestablished, and restored to the great families by whom they had been held before the revolution. The titular possessors of these honorary employments exercised them ostensibly with solemn regularity; but their functions were nothing more than show with the king, who required the presence but rarely the services of these great officers of the crown. In the midst of his vast apartments, and by the side of his bed of state, all was solitude, where every night a little truckle-bed on castors was brought in for the king, with green curtains, resembling a child's bed. On retiring to rest, he appointed the hour at which his attendant should awake him the following morning for the business of the day. At that hour precisely, etiquette resumed its empire; his servants entered the chamber, lit the fire, opened his bed-curtains, brought him water to wash in a silver-gilt basin, drew on his stockings, dressed him, presented him with holy water, and waited in silence while he offered up his mental prayer, fixed by etiquette as well as piety for the first act of the king on his awakening.

After he had made the sign of the cross, the king ordered the door to be opened to the officers of his

* The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By Alphonse de Lamartine, Author of “The History of the Girondists.” Translated by Captain Rafter, Author of “The Queen of the Jungles.” Vol. IV. Published by Vizetelly and Co.

household, and to the great dignitaries of the court, the church, and the army, who had the privilege of entering the royal bedchamber; princes, ambassadors, cardinals, bishops, dukes, marshals of France, lieutenant-generals, first presidents of courts of justice, peers, or deputies. These courtiers formed a circle, or passed before him, whilst his pages and his valets-de-chambre finished his toilette, held the looking-glass for him, and brought him, on golden trays, the coats, the decorations, and the sword, in which he was dressed for the remainder of the day. He occupied himself in this manner till the hour of déjeuner with the members of his family or with those persons whom the privileges of their respective offices authorized to partake of this first royal meal; and he proceeded, accompanied by this cortège, to the breakfast-room. All the royal family, some of the great officers of his household, and the principal officers of the royal guard on duty, were admitted to his table, which was sumptuously served. Louis XVIII.—whom popular rumor, maliciously spread by pamphleteers, accused of intemperance and a revival of the sensual refinements of Suetonius—only regarded the luxury of his table as a piece of royal pomp; he ate nothing but two fresh eggs, and drank nothing but a small glass of foreign wine, poured out by his cup-bearer.

The intellectual society, and the reading of Louis XVIII. before and during the Revolution, and his philosophical studies during his exile, had liberated his mind from many of the official superstitions of his childhood; on the other hand, his character of Most Christian king, to be kept up in the face of Europe and of France—his relationship to the royal martyr—his ancient alliance with the religion of St. Louis—his train of bishops—his title of restorer of the throne and the altar—his intercourse, epistolary and social, in foreign countries, with the great writers, anti-revolutionary and anti-philosophical, such as De Bonald, De Maistre, and De Chateaubriand—and finally, his court and his government, full of the representatives of the clerical party, and the strength which the Restoration derived from this conscience-ruling party—had, if not converted, at least constrained Louis XVIII. to an official orthodoxy which clashed with his preconceived ideas, but which was becoming to his reign. During its first years, he spoke of religion as a king when in public, as a philosopher in private, but always with decency, and like a sovereign who looked upon the church as the great progenitor of his dynasty and the great etiquette of his court. Such was Louis XVIII. since 1814 and 1815. His public life was conformable to these dispositions of his mind; the assiduous exercise of divine worship formed part of his kingly ceremonial, and he attended it with all the solemnity of Louis XIV. In private life he preserved his freedom of thought, and even indulged in that light railery at popular superstition, and those occasionally bitter smiles at the prostration of his brother before the clergy, which exhibited the philosophical independence of the man under the external respect of the Bourbon and the sovereign. He did not, like Louis XIV., give up his conscience to a Teller; for though he had an official confessor, as a necessary adjunct to the royal household, he never appeared at court, nor did he govern the king's conscience, or exercise any influence over public affairs. An humble and obscure priest, exiled to the attics of the Tuileries, and a stranger to every ambitious faction of the clergy, had been chosen by the king for the sanctity of his life and the disinterestedness of his faith; a man of God, concealed, for the religious consolation of the prince, behind the curtain of the temple, and in the deep shadows of the palace.

The king was quite aware of his approaching end; but, according to the historian, neither his family nor the dignified clergy could get him to receive the last sacraments. It was only managed

by recalling Madame du Cayla, who had been removed from court. At her persuasion he consented.

She then retired; and the king, having immediately summoned M. de Villèle, terminated with him all those affairs which he wished to leave in a finished state behind him. "Henceforward," he said to him, "you will transact business with my brother. I have nothing further to think of but the great business of death; and I do not wish to be distracted in that by worldly cares, which are now at an end with me." He expressed with sensibility to this minister and his colleagues his satisfaction with their services, and dismissed them as at the conclusion of a final council. He then summoned to his bedside the obscure and pious priest whom he had made his confessor, and opened his soul to him in private; after which, he directed the usual pomp and solemnities for the deathbed of kings to be prepared; and while the royal chaplain, the cardinals, and the bishops, were assembling at the door of his bedchamber, to perform those funeral offices, he summoned all his family to his presence.

It was about sunset on the 15th September, 1824, and the king was just waking from a long, lethargic slumber, which had made his attendants believe it was his last. His eyes had resumed their usual brightness, his voice was clear and distinct, and his countenance displayed his customary firmness and presence of mind. His brother was kneeling and weeping at the foot of his bed, the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême were praying by his side, and between them and the Count d'Artois was the Duchess de Berri, holding her two children by their hands; the courtiers and attendants stood at a distance, so that they might see but could not hear the last farewell of the dying king with his family. A few words only could be distinguished. These were the adieus of a brother, an uncle, and a friend, but especially of a sage and a monarch desirous of leaving behind him the wisdom, the experience, and the foresight, necessary for the guidance of the throne. "Love one another," he said, "and let this affection console you for the disasters and the ruin of our house. Divine Providence has replaced us upon the throne. I have been enabled to maintain you there by moderate measures, which have deprived the monarchy of no real power, but have given it the approbation and support of the people. The charter is the best inheritance I can give you; preserve it, my brother, for my sake, for the sake of our subjects, and for your own! And also," he added, raising his hands and blessing the young Duke de Bordeaux, who was held forward by his mother towards the king, "for the sake of this child, to whom you will transmit the throne after *my son and daughter!*" (titles of affection which he gave to the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême). Then, looking at the Duke de Bordeaux, he said, "May you, my child, be more wise and happy than your parents!"

The rest was inaudible, being muttered in a low voice to the nearest and most afflicted group of the royal family; nothing was heard but repeated adieus, sighs, and sobs, around the bed and in the halls. The princes and princesses arose, and, retiring a little, made way for the cardinals and bishops, who came to administer the last offices to the king.

He received these sacred ceremonies with collected piety and undisturbed attention; responding sometimes himself by verses from the Latin psalms, to those chanted by the bishops and cardinals. He thanked them, and took an eternal farewell of the officers of his household. One individual who mingled with them, and was concealed amongst the crowd where the king's eye recognized him, prayed and wept over his master and his benefactor. This was M. Decazes; to whom the jealousy of the ultra-royalists and the hostility of the courtiers only permitted this

stolen farewell of a king who had loved him so much, and whom he had himself loved as a father.

After these ceremonies and adieux, the dying monarch, surrounded only by his brother, his nephew, the Duchess d'Angoulême, and some attendants, continued in a lethargic state, broken by intervals of consciousness, without pain, delirium, or affliction. At daybreak on the 16th September, the day he himself suggested to his medical attendants as likely to terminate his physical powers, his first physician, drawing aside the bed-curtain, felt his pulse to ascertain if it still beat; the arm was still warm, but the pulse was no longer perceptible. The king was in his final sleep.

M. Portal raised the bed-clothes, and, turning round, said, "Gentlemen, the king is dead;" then, bowing to the Count d'Artois, he concluded, "Long live the king!"

The narrative exhibits the same carelessness with regard to exact statements, or the author's poetical tendency to adorn them, which was displayed in the previous volumes. For the closing scenes of Charles the Tenth's reign he has enjoyed access to some private documents, and for the whole period he has possessed the advantage of personal observation.

From the Examiner.

Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays, from Early Manuscript Corrections in a copy of the Folio of 1632, in the Possession of John Payne Collier, Esq., F. S. A., forming a Supplemental Volume to the Works of Shakspeare by the same Editor, in eight volumes 8vo. Whitaker and Co. Printed also for the Shakspeare Society.

It is not for a moment to be doubted, we think, that in this volume a contribution has been made to the clearness and accuracy of Shakspeare's text by far the most important of any offered or attempted since Shakspeare lived and wrote.

The history of the volume is to be stated in a few words. Four years ago Mr. Collier bought of Mr. Rodd, for a few shillings, an ill-conditioned, imperfect copy of the folio of 1632 (the second folio), which, on first looking into three years after he bought it, he found to contain innumerable manuscript corrections, erasures, and even added lines, in the handwriting of the time. An attempt to identify the corrector with any known person has failed. That he bore the name of "Thomas Perkins," which is written in the volume, is all that can with accuracy be said. But it seems more than probable that he was a connection of the celebrated actor, Richard Perkins;—it appears certain, from the marginal directions and erasures in many of the annotated plays, that he was himself an actor, with whom the volume was matter of study for the purposes of his profession;—and from these two presumptions the inference follows that he may not only have heard the plays acted by the original performers in them, but is likely to have had access to the authorized or manuscript copies deposited in the leading theatres. While Shakspeare yet lived, indeed, the present annotator might have witnessed the performances of his plays—nay, might himself have acted in them; for the poet had been dead only sixteen years when the second folio was published, and even if the handwriting were less satisfactory on this point, the interval between the appearance of the book and the suppression of the

theatres is too short to admit of any wide conjecture as to the time when the corrections were made.

Such are the external claims to authenticity which the emendations possess; and in a very striking manner, we think, the internal evidence bears out these claims exactly. The corrections seem to us to be divisible into three classes. For the first, some kind of authority must have been resorted to, since here whole lines are restored, or entirely new expressions substituted, that have too visibly the trick of Shakspeare's hand to have owed their origin to any other. In the second, we have innumerable indications not only of an actor's thorough knowledge of the plays, but of the probability of his having detected by the ear, in the course of a stage experience or by communication with the old actors, not a few of the extraordinary number of printer's errors in the folio, and of the invaluable assistance, in correcting other errors, which he obviously derived from a mere fearless exercise of his own simple common sense. In the third, we venture to think, the same qualities are displayed with some drawbacks, and, on the whole, a less favorable effect. A certain freedom of alteration is observable here where none was necessary, the corrections are not always happily made, and a severer discrimination might have been used in determining their value than Mr. Collier has perhaps thought himself entitled to apply. Compared with what we have called the first and second classes, however, the examples in this third are singularly few. In every sense they are the exception to the rest. Out of the thousand and more suggestions contained in the book before us, they might almost be counted on ten fingers. And in the general remarks with which Mr. Collier has prefaced the volume—his latest and most valuable discovery in a field where every gleaner or cultivator has to confess the weightiest obligations to him—nothing can be more manly or modest than the surrender of the text of his own edition to the irresistible testimony thus borne against it. He now sees, and frankly confesses, the error of having allowed himself no room for speculative amendment, even where it seemed most called for.

Over and over again, in speaking of the editions of Shakspeare recently submitted to the public, we have taken the liberty of pleading the claims of the earlier commentators against a too common habit with the later editors to abuse and discredit them. Over and over again we have endeavored to point out that those commentators were not such great fools as appeared to be supposed, and that the plan of restoring the ancient readings from the folios and quartos, however laudable in itself, might be greatly overdone. Shakspeare's earlier critics committed some very grave faults, as well as some very great absurdities, as this article will show; but their labors were uniformly directed to win a truer appreciation for the poet, and give extension to his fame—nor in this can they be said to have failed. What they did, what they overdid, what they left undone, have been the guides and incentives to all later inquiry. Such inquiry has not seldom been confused, indeed, by the very pains and labor of their multiplied suggestions; but here, in this volume of Mr. Collier's, we have them unexpectedly brought to the test of an earlier critic's unhampered common sense, exerted long before any of them were born, and the result is that in several thousands

of instances the folios and quartos are seen to be utterly wrong, and in some hundreds of instances the amendment of both must be admitted to have been nearly, if not altogether, right.

Many of Warburton's suggestions, not a few of Pope's, several of Johnson's, are here anticipated; and Theobald comes out nobly. So frequent and masterly is his insight, that even where he and the manuscript corrector differ, we are not always ready to prefer the latter. In one rather memorable instance we cannot think of doing it. For us, Falstaff shall never close his life in Dame Quickly's tavern without that momentary escape to the days of other than tavern enjoyments which the kindly approach of death was bringing him, when "his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babbled of green fields." So Theobald suggested, in place of the old corrupt reading of "a table of green fields;" and Mr. Collier would now have us discard the suggestion as fanciful, and would substitute, with his manuscript corrector, "as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze." We distinctly refuse, we say, to do any such a thing. The emendation, Mr. Collier remarks, is merely of two words, *on for and, and frieze for fields*. So, with better reason, say we of Theobald's, the emendation is merely of one word, *a' babbled for a table*. But to us the difference involved in the one word or the two covers all the immeasurable extent which lies between a surplussage or commonplace (for why should not a pen look quite as sharp on any ordinary table as on a table of green frieze?), and one of the most Shakspearian things in Shakspeare.

And now, since we have spoken first of a passage in which we differ from the manuscript emendations, let us add two or three others, though with a necessarily brief indication of our reasons. For we are more anxious to exhibit, by extracts of another kind, our high sense of the extraordinary value of the great mass of the annotations with which the volume is filled.

The ingenuity of suggestion in the following may not be disputed, but we cannot so freely admit its pretension to replace the better known text.

It is obvious that alterations, very insignificant in appearance, may be of the utmost importance in effect. A single letter, wrongly inserted, may strangely pervert or obscure the meaning; and it may never have been suspected that the early editions were in fault. We meet with a remarkable instance of it in "Macbeth," Act I., Scene VII., where the Lady is reproaching her irresolute husband for not being ready to murder Duncan when time and opportunity offered, although he had previously vaunted his determination to do it: she asks him—

What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man.

Such is the text as it has always been recited on modern stages, and printed in every copy of the tragedy from the year 1623 to the year 1853; yet that there is a most singular misprint in it will be manifest, when the small, but most valuable, manuscript emendation of the folio, 1632, is mentioned. In truth, Lady Macbeth does not ask her husband the absurd question, "what beast?" made him communicate the enterprise to her? but what induced him to vaunt that he would kill Duncan, and then, like a coward, shrink from his own resolution?—

What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man.

She taunts him with the braggart spirit he had at first displayed, and the cowardice he had afterwards evinced. It cannot be denied by the most scrupulous stickler for the purity of the text of the folio, 1623 (copied into the folio, 1632), that this mere substitution of the letter *o* for the letter *e*, as it were, magically conjures into palpable existence the long-buried meaning of the poet.

Here Mr. Collier reasons, as it appears to us, without sufficient reference to the context of the passage, and its place in the scene. The expression immediately preceding, and eliciting Lady Macbeth's reproach, is that in which Macbeth declares that he dares do all that may become a man, and that who dares do more is none. She instantly takes up that expression. If not an affair in which a man may engage, what beast was it, then, in himself or others, that made him break this enterprise to her? The force of the passage lies in that contrasted word, and its meaning is lost by the proposed substitution.

Again, in the *Much Ado about Nothing*—

When Dogberry, to show his importance, says that he is "a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses," it has naturally puzzled some persons to see how his losses could tend to establish that he was rich. Here, in truth, we have another misprint: *leases* was often spelt of old—*leasses*, and this is the origin of the blunder; for, according to the corrector of the folio, 1632, we ought to read, "a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had *leasses*." To have been the owner of leases might very well prove that Dogberry was "a rich fellow enough."

—But did not the fact of having been able to afford to have "had losses" prove it too, and in a manner much more in agreement with Dogberry's inflation and humorous blundering?

The last example of disagreement we can quote appears to us to involve a sad deterioration of one of the most exquisite things in Shakspeare.

In the amorous dialogue between Troilus and Cressida, the latter, affecting coyness, distinguishes between her two selves, in all the ordinary copies of this play, as follows:—

I have a kind of self resides with you,
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool.

The antithesis, undoubtedly intended by the poet, is thus, according to a note in the folio, 1632, sacrificed to an error of the press, and we are instructed, therefore, to read the passage thus:—

I have a kind self, that resides with you,
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool.

Cressida represents her *kind self* as wishing to remain with Troilus, and her "unkind self" as wishing to separate itself from his company.

Surely, surely not. Cressida wishes her false love to appear true love, and says that she has a kind of self residing with Troilus (did ever the false speak so like the true as in that?), but an unkind self, because it leaves her, that is itself, to go and accept any sort of service under him, and be another's fool. The meaning is quite plain, and the lines full of beauty.

But let us turn from these rare and very occasional misuses to the ample harvest of true and rich illustration contained in this remarkable volume.

In the speech of Leontes in the *Winter's Tale*, when Paulina is about to draw the curtain over

the supposed statue of Hermione, there has always been a sudden break in the words—

Warburton saw that something was wanting, but in note three it is suggested that Leontes in his ecstasy might have left his sentence unfinished: such does not appear to have been the case. The passage has hitherto been printed as follows:—

Let be, let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks already—
What was he that did make it? &c.

"Let be, let be!" is addressed to Paulina, who *offers to draw the curtain* before the statue of Hermione, as we find from a manuscript stage-direction, and the writer of it, in a vacant space adjoining, thus supplies a missing line, which we have printed in *italic type*:—

Let be, let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.
What was he that did make it? &c.

Who will doubt that that line came from Shakspeare's hand?

So, in what follows from *Henry the Sixth*:

When, in "Henry VI., Part II.," Act II., Scene III., Queen Margaret calls upon Gloster to relinquish his staff of office to her son, the Protector, addressing the young king, exclaims—

My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff:
To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh;
As willingly I do the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine.

The line in *italic type* is met with in no old copy, but when we find it in a hand-writing of about the time; when we see that something has so evidently been lost, and that what is offered is so nicely dovetailed into the place assigned to it, can we take upon ourselves to assert that it was foisted in without necessity or authority? On the contrary, ought we not to welcome it with thankfulness, as a fortunate recovery, and a valuable restoration?

And here, from a speech of Dromio's in the *Comedy of Errors*:

In all editions the passage has stood thus:—

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel,
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff.

It is thus given by the manuscript-corrector of the folio, 1632:—

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, *fell*;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel,
Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel;
A fiend, a *fury*, pitiless, and rough;
A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff, &c.

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

In Act III., Scene II., Volumnia thus entreats her indignant and impetuous son to be patient:—

Pray be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

To what is Volumnia's heart as little apt as that of Coriolanus? She does not tell us, and the sense is undeniably incomplete; but it is thus completed in the folio, 1632, by the addition of a lost line:—

Pray be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger,

But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

It seems impossible to doubt the genuineness of this insertion, unless we go the length of pronouncing it not only an invention, but an invention of the utmost ingenuity; for while it renders perfect the deficient sense, it shows at once what caused the error: the recurrence of the same words, "use of anger," at the end of two following lines, deceived the old compositor, and induced him to fancy that he had already printed a line, which he had excluded.

In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, also—

It is in one of the speeches of Sir Eglamour, wherein he consents to aid Silvia in her escape. Until now, it has run:—

Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you.

Here there is no connexion between the first and the second lines, because Sir Eglamour could not mean that the "grievances," but that the *affections* of Silvia were "virtuously placed." Shakspeare must, therefore, have written what we find in an adjoining blank space of the folio, 1632, which makes the sense complete:—

Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most true affections that you bear;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you.

—We hardly think that any one will be bold enough to question that in these various instances we have the poet's genuine text restored.

So far, authority of some kind must have been had. In other cases, as we have said, nothing but a brave common sense was wanted. Here is one, from *Henry the Sixth*:

Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion.

There appear to be at least three errors in this short passage, two of which have been guessed at with success by Warburton and Johnson, though Steevens would not allow of either. The first, but not the most important, has never been hinted at, but is distinctly shown by a manuscript-emendation in the folio, 1632, where the extract appears in this form:—

Old Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all *bruise* of time,
And, like a gallant in the *bloom* of youth,
Repairs him with occasion.

Here is another, a most charming one, from the *Winter's Tale*—

Just afterwards, Camillo remarks to Polixenes, of Florizel—

He tells her something
That makes her blood look on 't.

This is the old text of the folios, but Theobald, for "on't," in spite of the apostrophe, printed *out*, and missed the correction of the true error, *viz.*, "makes," instead of *wakes*:—

He tells her something
That *wakes* her blood—look on 't.

Here one, not less happy, from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

Sebastian is speaking of his reputed likeness to his sister:—

A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could

not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, &c.

It is not surprising that the commentators should have been at strife regarding the meaning of this passage; and Warburton was so grieved by it, that he felt obliged to omit the words, "with such estimable wonder," as "a player's interpolation." This is a very ready way of overcoming any obstacle. It certainly is difficult to account for the gross misprints in the above short sentence; but they are most distinctly pointed out by the corrector of the folio, 1632, in his own clear and accurate manner; and when we read the words he has substituted for those of the received text, we see at once that he could not be mistaken. Sebastian modestly denies that he much resembled his beautiful lost sister, observing—

A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not with *self-estimation wander so far* to believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, &c.

And here another, most admirable, from *Coriolanus*. It is where the impetuous patrician assails the Senate for having given the people liberty to elect their Tribune:

We will first, as usual, insert the text as it stands universally printed, and follow it by the excellent emendations contained in the folio, 1632:—

O, good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise of the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his! If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity.

In the above, besides the first—*God* for "good"—there are no fewer than five striking errors of the press, or perhaps of the scribe, for some of them are hardly to be imputed to the compositor. Trusting to the corrector of the folio, 1632, we ought hereafter to give the passage as follows:—

O, good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra *leave* to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall" (being but
The horn and noise of the monster) wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his! If he have power,
Then vail your impotence: if none, *revolve*
Your dangerous bounty.

Again—what can be happier than the following—from *Antony and Cleopatra*?

The present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself.

Such has always been the text, and Johnson, after admitting it to be obscure, confesses himself "unable to add anything" to Warburton's explanation, which relates to the "revolutions of the sun in his diurnal course." Tollett and Steevens each made an attempt with about the same success; but can anything be better than the changes offered by the old annotator?—

The present pleasure,
By repetition *souring*, does become
The opposite of itself.

Or than this, from *Lear*?

Regan again advises Lear to submit, and to return to Goneril: he exclaims, as the passage stands in modern editions—

Return to her! and fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To wage against the enmity of the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl.
Necessity's sharp pinch!"

From the folio, 1632, and its corrections, we learn that the omission of the aspirate has occasioned a serious error here: "Necessity's sharp pinch!" has always been printed as an exclamation by itself without connexion; but it seems that Shakspeare made the verb *howl* transitive, and that in future the lines ought to be printed as follows:—

To be a comrade with the wolf, and *howl*
Necessity's sharp pinch.

i. e., howl like the wolf when he feels the sharp pinch of necessity. The punctuation of the folios, if that can be any guide, warrants this construction of the text.

Or than this, from *Love's Labor Lost*?

P. 360. The King and his Lords are so derided, jeered, and flouted by the Princess and her Ladies, that they are compelled to make a precipitate retreat, Biron having admitted that they had all been "dry-beaten with pure scoff." As soon as they are gone, the triumphant party burst out in expressions of joy and ridicule, and, among others, the Princess exclaims, as the line has always been printed—

O, poverty in wit, kingly poor flout!

Of which readers have been left to make what sense they could. The old corrector clearly saw no sense in it, and has furnished us with other words so well qualified for the place that we cannot hesitate to approve of them. The enemy had been utterly routed and destroyed, and the Princess, in the excess of her delight, breaks out—

O, poverty in wit! *killed by pure flout*!

In the next following instance we may perhaps presume an authority—it is from *Timon of Athens*:

Old and modern impressions furnish us with this text:—

Who would be so mocked with glory, or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state comprehends,
But only painted, like his varnished friends.

Much of the speech is in rhyme, and a couplet precedes the above, which, after the interval of a line, is succeeded by four other rhymes. We learn from manuscript-emendations, that what we have just quoted most imperfectly represents the passage; that the hemistich ought to be completed by two words carelessly omitted, and that an important verb ought to be altered: the whole passage will then remain as follows:—

Who'd be so mocked with glory, *as* to live
But in a dream of friendship, *and revive*
To have his pomp, and all state comprehends,
But only painted, like his varnished friends!

But in the instance now to be given, from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the corrector's common sense was his principal guide and reliance, we have little doubt—

Theseus, referring to the ridiculous contradiction in "the tragical mirth" of the title of the play about to be represented before him, observes—

That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.

Now, unless we read "wondrous" as a trisyllable the measure is defective: the sense too is much in the same predicament; for "wondrous strange snow" does not necessarily imply opposition, like "hot ice." The truth is that Shakspeare meant *boiling* snow, only the compositor, or copyist, mistook *seething* for

"strange," the true word having been supplied by the old corrector—

That is, hot ice and wondrous *seething* snow ;

which is exactly what was intended to be expressed. Theseus, in the fourth line of the scene, has already used the word "*seething*," which renders the misprint here less pardonable.

As we have gone through the volume it was impossible not to be struck by the extreme absurdity in a majority of the suggestions which have most occupied and agitated unhappy critics in modern days. Here, for example, from *Much Ado about Nothing*—

Few passages have produced more contention and doubt than this line as it is given in the first and other folios,

And sorrow, wag ! cry hem, when he should groan.

Leonato is telling his brother that his grief is beyond all example, and that he can never be comforted, until he shall meet with a man, suffering under equal calamities, who can defy his misfortunes,

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;

And sorrow, wag ! cry hem, when he should groan, &c.

The corrector of the folio, 1632, shows that, "And sorrow wag," was a misprint for "Call sorrow joy," so that he reads—

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;

Call sorrow joy ; cry hem, when he should groan ;

Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters ; bring him you to me,

And I of him will gather patience.

This seems to be as good a solution as we are likely to obtain : the difficulty is to account for the misprint.

So, in the *Merry Wives*, there has been a great splutter of the commentators about an expression used by the jovial and peremptory host when he wishes to draw Page, Shallow, and the rest off the stage without loss of time—"Will you go, *An heires*?" That latter mystical word had to this hour gravelled everybody—Warburton suggesting *heris* as the old Scotch word for master ; Steevens, *hearts* ; Malone, *hear us* ; Boaden, *cavaliers* ; and so on, into all the infinite extremes of absurdity. The manuscript corrector simply changes one letter, omits two, and leaves the thing what common sense unconfused by commentators ought to have had no difficulty in at once seeing that it must be—"Will you go on *here*?"

Another expression of the same jolly person in the same play has been quite as great a stumbling-block, and elicited as much nonsense. The correction we think singularly happy, but it is one which could hardly have risen in the annotator's mind without resort to some authority.

I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried game, said I well !

The difficulty has been how to make any sense out of "Cried game ;" and various suggestions, such as *tried game*, *cry aim*, &c., have been made ; but the truth seems to be, that the Host, having said that Anne Page was feasting at a farm-house, in order still more to incite Dr. Caius to go there, mentioned the most ordinary objects of feasting at farm-houses at that time, viz., *curds and cream* : "curds and cream" in the hands of the old compositor became strangely metamorphosed into *cried game*—at least, this is the marginal explanation in the corrected folio, 1632. The Host, therefore, ends his speech about

Anne Page's feasting at the farm-house by the exclamation, "Curds and cream ! said I well !"

The same probable help from memory or authority must also have supplied the pun which the corrector inserts with the happiest effect into the close of Beatrice's droll description of the difference between wooing, wedding, and repenting ("and then," after a Scotch jig for the wooing, and a stately measure for the wedding, "comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sink a *pace* into his grave.")

"Thus we may account, too, for the exquisite correction in the countess' kind excuse for Helena's secret love, printed till now—

By our remembrance of days foregone

Such were our faults ; or then we thought them none—
and which every critic had left in that maimed, imperfect sense, to be now at once lighted up into delicacy and beauty by this manuscript annotator—

By our remembrances of days foregone

Search we out faults ; for then we thought them none.

So also may we suppose some authority for the change, which none of the commentators had the wit to hit upon, manifold as their suggestions about it are, from

beauty's princely majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue and *makes the senses rough*,

to—

Confounds the tongue, and *mocks the sense of touch*.

Let us add that, in the happy alteration of the "most rude melancholy" of Armado, in *Love's Labor Lost*, into the "moist-eyed melancholy" of that very soft sighing gentleman ;—in the addition of an admirable line to Cordard's soliloquy about the same love-lost pathological swain,

Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare ;

—in the transformation of Timothy Sly's "sheer ale" into a beverage of which Shakspeare no doubt had personal experience, "Warwickshire ale ;"—in the line given to Parolles in his parley with the clown ;—in the substitution of "a counsellor's nose" for "a courtier's nose" in Queen Mab's dream, thus avoiding the double mention of the courtier ;—in a little change of "noble men" into "abler men," which makes more compact and close the quarrel dialogue of Brutus and Cassius ;—it is hardly possible not to surmise that an authority of some kind or other existed for such decisive yet at once to be accepted suggestions.

And whatever is to be presumed as the source of the corrector's emendation in these cases and hundreds of others, there can hardly exist a doubt, as to a host of such and of other passages long in dispute, that they may not ever, after the publication of this volume, be reasonably disputed any more. As (in *Measure for Measure*) "the priestly Angelo" for "the prenzie" or "the princely ;" and "priestly garb" for "prenzie" or "princely guards" (which puts new life into one of Shakspeare's noblest thoughts) ;—"caged" for "cased" lion, in the famous line of *King John* ;—"sinbestained," in the same play, for "thin bestained" cloak ;—"even at the crowing of your nation's cock," also in that play, for the "crying of your nation's crow ;"—in *King Henry IV.* "the king hath many *masking* in his coats" for the old "march-

ing," which was quite inappropriate;—in Henry VI. "warlike and matchless" Talbot for the old tautology of "warlike and martial" Talbot;—in the passage of *Troilus and Cressida*, where the mimicry of Patroclus is made to set forth the Greek chiefs in a ludicrous light, "severals and generals all grace extract," instead of the old and unmeaning "severals and generals of grace exact;" in the same play a masterly change of "married" into "mirror'd" which completes a very noble thought;—in the change of "bosom multiplied" into "bisson multitude" in *Coriolanus*;—and in putting "sphere of sense" for "square of sense" in one of Regan's speeches in *Lea*r.—Can any one hesitate to say that all these are no longer disputable?

In a number of the corrections, where the sense is suddenly and obviously hit by the simplest possible change, one's amazement is hardly less in some instances that the blunder should so long have passed unchallenged, than one's amusement is great in others that, being so egregious, it should yet so strenuously have been defended.

Thus (in *Coriolanus*) when Menenius tells the Tribunes that he is known to be a humorous patrician that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in it, "said to be something imperfect in favoring the first complaint"—the corrector quietly makes it the *third* complaint, and, for the first time, common sense. Nobody had dreamt of suggesting such a thing!

When (in *Much Ado*) Beatrice comes out from the arbor under the influence of the trick that has been played on her, and, exclaiming against what she has hitherto cherished too much, declares that "no glory lives *behind the back* of such," everybody appears to have been content, without too curiously inquiring, to let that nonsense stand. The corrector quietly changes it to "no glory lives *but*, in the *lack* of such."

In like manner it had never been thought unaccountable (in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*) that in *Hernia's* first bewilderment and dread at *Lysander's* avowal of his infidelity, she should quietly proceed to ask him "What news, my love!" which the corrector, being a man not tolerant of nonsense, turns into "What means my love?" Nor had it, with one single exception, appeared absurd to anybody that where *Bertram* is explaining (in *All's Well that Ends Well*) how *Diana* tricked him of the ring, he should talk of her "insuit coming with her modern grace," to which the corrector restores intelligibility by making it "her *infinite* cunning with her modern grace." As little had it seemed uncommon that where (in *Henry the Sixth*) the sudden question follows *Suffolk's* abuse,

Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

an expression so ludicrously inapplicable to an insolent prisoner should be used; though of course the corrector saw the absurdity, and changed it to

Speak, captain, shall I stab the foul-tongued slave?

Neither did any commentator find himself able to grapple with the gigantic no-meaning of a couplet in *Henry the VIII.*, where the man whom the porter reproaches for not keeping back the crowds from pressing to the christening, swears that if he be found sparing them any more—

Let me ne'er hope to see a *chine* again,
And that I would not for a *cow*, God save her;

which enormous piece of stupidity has deformed the text until this hour, when the corrector at last changes *chine* into *queen* and *cow* into *crown*. Nor finally, had criticism been more successful in finding what on earth *Ulysses* could mean (in *Troilus and Cressida*) by talking of giving "a *coasting* welcome ere it comes," which the corrector makes extremely simple to us by the change to "giving *occasion* welcome ere it comes."

Sometimes a letter does it. As where *Prospero*, in the *Tempest*, instead of talking of "the provision," is made to speak of "the *prevision*" in his art—a much finer and more significant word. And as where, in *Measure for Measure*, the critics fell to loggerheads over the Clown's "threepence a *bay*," which they would make "bays of buildings," "bay windows," "bays of barns," and every other nonsensical thing, but which the corrector at once puts reason into by turning it to "threepence a *day*." So, too, where *Salisbury* in *King John* sees the cruel pangs of death, not "right in the eye" of *Melun*—which vulgarian none of the commentators were able to amend—but "bright in the eye," which is quite another thing. A couple of letters in another case make all the difference; as where *Ariel* in the *Tempest* speaks of the *broom* groves, which the corrector changes to the *brown* groves, "whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves." A somewhat commonplace expression, also, applied to *Hero* after her shame, "her foul-tainted flesh," is by the alteration of a single letter turned into a noble one, "soul-tainted flesh" (which, however, does not mean, as *Mr. Collier* remarks, that *Hero's* flesh was tainted to the soul, but that her soul's sin had tainted her flesh.) And, finally, where *Iago* calls *Desdemona* a "supersubtle Venetian," though no one had thought of quarrelling with the phrase—do we not feel that the change of two letters, by which the corrector replaces it with "supersupple" Venetian, far more happily expresses what *Iago* meant to convey?

But we have much exceeded the space we meant to have given to the subject, and, with renewed thanks to *Mr. Collier*, must now dismiss this remarkable volume to the attentive consideration of all readers and students of the Great Dramatic Poet of England.

The Six Days. By Captain Charles Knox. London; Hatchard, Piccadilly. 1853.

The object of this neat little volume is to show the harmony of science with revelation. The late *Mr. Sharon Turner*, in the third volume of his "Sacred History of the World," briefly adopts the same line of argument which *Mr. Knox* has pursued to a satisfactory conclusion. The six days of the *Genesis* are six several periods of time, each indefinite in duration, and the operations of which are traceable to scientific investigation. The author has shown the perfect harmony existing between the details of the *Mosaic* narrative and the facts which the discoveries of modern science have established upon an impregnable basis. We have but one fault to find with this little work—and that is its brevity; one feels loth to dismiss a subject of such importance, and which the writer handles in so discriminating and suggestive a manner, without a more deliberate consideration of the various parts of the subject. *Mr. Knox* will do well to amplify largely in a second edition.—*Tait*.

From Household Words.

MY SHADOWY PASSION.

I AM stating nothing but a simple truth, when I declare that, without any previous acquaintance with its owner, I fell in love with a shadow. Who that has seen Mademoiselle Cerito, in the beautiful vision of "Ondine," dancing in simulated moonlight, has not felt that if some capricious power had made the dancer invisible and left the shadow, he might easily have fallen in love with the graceful, fitting shade upon the ground? But mine was simply a shadow on a blind. To worship a symbol, without any correct idea of the attributes of that which it symbolizes, is idolatry; and into this idolatry I fell. I knew my danger. If disappointed, I should not be able to console myself by saying, "Ah, well! it was of Julia or Louisa that I was thinking after all." I had begun with a shadow; and let the substance turn out what it might, I must be content.

I admit that it was my own fault. While those who fall in love with a substance, do so unsuspectingly—entrapped by over-confidence in themselves, or led into it, like Benedict, by the schemes of others—I deliberately resolved to cultivate my passion in the teeth of much discouragement. "Surely," I thought (or something else within me thought without deigning, till long afterwards, to apprise me of its conclusions), "in loving a shadow, all else must be shadowy, even to the common dangers of love." An argument of which I might have found a hundred analogies to demonstrate the fallacy. But my mind was obstinately made up. I sat at the window of my solitary room, as soon as the oil-lamps hung across the narrow, straggling street were lighted, and watched the window nearly opposite—sitting in the dark that I might not be observed. There was the shadow to be seen every evening, and just above it, the complete outline of a sleeping bird in a cage, hanging by a cord. Whether this object, whose form I watched so intently, was old or young, ugly or pretty, sour or good-tempered, I did not know. I saw only that it was a woman, and that it did not wear spectacles. My feeling for some time might have been one of mere curiosity; for never in the day-time, when the blind was up, could I see there the slightest trace of woman or birdcage. Soon after dusk the curtain would drop suddenly, the light came, and there was the bird and my shadow, working or sometimes (as I fancied) reading. At first I thought that I could smoke very well in the dark, and that I would sit and watch from sheer lack of a more definite purpose. My first intimation that curiosity was changing into love, was my readiness to construe all indications to the advantage of the shadow. Blind to its defects—as when men are enamored of a substance—I persisted, when the outline was altered from some cause, in believing that the very fairest form that it ever assumed was its true one—an unreasonable belief; since, according to the position of the light, the ugliest features may be made to show well in shadow—while the prettiest may become hideously distorted. But who but a man wilfully blinded would not have felt serious doubts when that face—sometimes of ordinary dimensions—became ridiculously elongated, when that bosom suddenly grew to matronly breadth; when a nose would sometimes flatten like a negro's, and again grow out to unusual length—only once in a whole

evening becoming an ordinary nose—at which time alone I capriciously believed that she was standing with mathematical exactness between the lamp and the blind. To see (when I indulgently supposed that she had taken the lamp in her hand, and stooped to pick up something) her form suddenly shoot up, till I could not see her head, and she stood there, looking like a decapitated giraffe; and sometimes to behold her, from some cause, as suddenly crushed down into a dowdy likeness of a caravan dwarf—was enough to provoke the laugh that is fatal to a wavering passion. But no; I might have been impatient at these distortions, but I was too far advanced for laughing.

I forgot to mention that the narrow, straggling street, of which I have spoken, was the Rue d'Aimette, in the City of Rouen—since pulled down for the approaches to the great square of St. Ouen, and re-built with houses very different from those old, overhanging, low-doored, and small-windowed tenements of beams and stone-gray plaster, in which we lived. I was a stranger, without a friend in Rouen. Mr. Guindé, the celebrated historian (whose acquaintance I had made in Paris), had employed me to decipher ancient English and French manuscripts, in the library of Notre Dame, for his use in writing his well-known History of the Parliament of Normandy; a labor that occupied me many months. And thus my days were spent in straining my eyes over yellow parchments, and my evenings in watching the shadow on the blind.

I had felt lonely—very lonely; perhaps this contributed to my interest in the shadow. It was winter time, and my labors in the library ceasing at dusk, my evenings were proportionately long. One afternoon, a fog, of the old familiar color of the parchments I had been poring over, came creeping up from the river, till I could not distinguish the opposite walls. That night, I betook myself gloomily to read beside a miserable fire. The next night was foggy again. No Platonism could be more abstract and self-sufficing than my passion; but if I were to be denied the very lightest food that ever love was nourished on, I felt that it must be starved into action. Therefore, the next afternoon, meeting the fog creeping up the street again a little after sunset, I went directly over to the porter's lodge of the house opposite; and, having remarked to the porter (whom I knew slightly) that it was very foggy, asked him who lived on the second floor on that side of the house.

The porter glanced at the hooks for hanging the lodgers' keys within the lodge, and answered, "M. La Roche."

"What is his business?"

"I never knew. I am not curious."

Now, it is a general maxim, that when the porter of a large house in France does not know the business of any one of the lodgers, that lodger must be engaged in concerns of a secret and extraordinary nature. This fact, therefore, I noted.

"Has he a wife?" I asked nervously.

"No; only a sister."

"Indeed! I never saw either him or his sister."

"Very likely; he seldom goes out except at night; and the young lady scarcely ever, unless she walks in the garden behind the house."

"And his name, you say, is—"

"Hush!" said the porter, suddenly turning towards the door. I turned also, and saw there a tall man, with a stoop in the shoulders, long, dark

hair, and a face with such hideous features and such a repulsive expression, that I could scarcely refrain from uttering some exclamation.

"Any letters for me, M. Grégoire?" asked the stranger.

"None, sir," replied the porter; and, to my great relief, the hideous countenance disappeared.

"That was M. La Roche," said the porter, when he was gone.

"Indeed! is his sister then—" I was about to add "like him," but could not make up my mind to put a question so important; so I merely said, "older or younger than he?"

"Younger. But if you should—"

"What?"

"If you should wish—"

Without in the slightest degree divining the drift of his question, I interrupted him by saying, "Oh no! not at all; I'm much obliged to you," and hastened out.

Shall I call it a proof of my infatuation; or shall I regard it (as I did then) as an indication of the high and ethereal nature of my sentiment, that I shrunk, thus instinctively, from a personal knowledge of the owner of my shadow? I am inclined to take credit for it. The event of all this (as you are aware, if you are a philosopher) enters not into this question. I have a right, in defending my conduct at that time, to take my stand where I stood at that time. I might (some would say) at once have questioned the porter, and thus, perhaps, have saved myself the folly of wasting my time night after night. But I was not wasting my time. The emotional part of my nature, and the divinest faculty of imagination, must be nourished, if I am to become in all parts well-proportioned; and for these, illusions are an excellent food. If the contemplation of a mere shadow will serve to lift me, and keep me for many days above the smoke and air of this dim spot, then, although I may suddenly drop down to earth again, I shall carry with me the benefit of that pure atmosphere that I have breathed; the quality of the spirit will be improved, which I take to be the aim of all education.

After this defence, I trust that no one will think contemptuously of me when I relate that, on the following afternoon, my old enemy, the fog, having missed his way, and wandered (as I heard afterwards) about the marshes behind the Faubourg d'Eauplet, I planted myself again at the window, and watched as before. But this time the bird-cage was there with the bird (still standing upon one leg, and with his head sunk into his neck, motionless on his perch) but my shadow was not. Afterwards, horrible substitute! the gigantic brother must have walked across the room towards the window; for I saw the shape of his hideous head appear at the top of the blind, and slowly sink (like the ghost of Banquo), till the whole dreadful spectre vanished. When, after an hour's watching, I saw at last my shadow approaching; saw it set a box (I think) on the table; saw it place a chair, or something like it, beside; saw it stand a moment before sitting down, and, with arms upturned, arrange its back hair, and fix it again with a comb—did I have no misgivings? No thoughts of the possibility of a family likeness? I did; but I deliberately refused to entertain them, and inhospitably drove them out as soon as they presented themselves.

But one day fate willed that (unlike to the dog in the fable) I should drop my shadow for a sub-

stance. I was in the cathedral on a Sunday afternoon, listening to the chanting of the singers hidden in the choir, when, suddenly catching the dull sound of the closing of the baize-covered door behind me, I looked around involuntarily, and saw such a pretty face, that I secretly felt it (in spite of my philosophy) to be worth all the shadows in the world. I will not describe it; first, because those romancists who delight to catalogue each separate item of beauty, with all the minuteness of a slave merchant haggling with the Sultan's eunuch, have never yet been able to present to my imagination the total of a human face; and next, because to describe it in detail would give a false impression of that sudden glance in which, without taking account of the character of her nose, or the color of her eyes, I saw that she was beautiful. Into the poor-box I saw her drop a coin, and, let the truth be told, without any apparent desire to conceal her charity from the world. Then she passed on; and taking one of the straw chairs in the middle of the nave, and balancing it on two legs—as is customary in French churches—leaned over the back of it, and in that devout posture began (as I charitably hoped) to say her prayers. And now, as I sat behind her, a symmetrical figure, dressed in black, a lace veil flung back, as well as a pair of chocolate-colored boots, became deeply interesting. "The tyranny of material forms," as a German philosopher would say, "was reestablished." How could a poor shadow, a mere negation of light, a nothing, owing its existence (if it could be called an existence) solely to the juxtaposition of a something, prevail against these attractions, which, in a bar of wintry sunlight, falling through the high arched window, were each a reality, with a shadow into the bargain? Assuredly, if I had thought of my shadow in that moment, the probability of some resemblance, however small, existing between a brother and a sister, would have seemed to me to have increased ten-fold.

The attendant was lighting the candles, when she rose to go away, passing me again so closely that she brushed my foot with her dress, and by that wondrous touch rendered me entirely deaf to the singing in the choir. When the baize-covered door slammed too again, and the singing in the choir broke out afresh, the hymn that they were chanting was such a worthless, old-fashioned, hacking tune, sung with such preposterous energy and noise, that it was intolerable. Had not my thoughts been occupied with the chocolate boots, I had assuredly not endured it so long. "How jarring," thought I, as I walked on tip-toe towards the baize-covered door, "is this tasteless music; in a church more rich in workmanship than the bridal lace veil of a queen."

O daughters of the early world, whose ears and fingers yielded gold enough to make a monstrous idol! not less than you, the Norman woman worships gauds and trinkets. As I came out from the cathedral porch, behold, I saw a pair of chocolate boots standing quite still in the light from a shop front—the very first of a row of jeweller's windows, all glittering, shameless, in the Sabbath afternoon. It was but for a moment, but the pang that it caused me was the first penalty I paid for my interest in a substance. When the chocolate-colored boots walked away, I walked away too; and, as it happened, by the same street. I was not following them. I merely took the way to my home; but, through street after street, the owner

of the boots kept still before me, till she turned at last into the Rue D'Aimette. Drawing nearer to the house where I had so often seen the shadow on the blind, a hope that hardly dared declare itself made my heart throb like wine poured out of a narrow-necked bottle. Only a few yards from the door she looked back for a moment and hesitated. Perhaps she thought that some one had followed her. A child watching a spinning teetotum dying out from the line that separates a prize from a blank, knows something of the anxiety that I felt at that moment. But I was soon relieved. I saw her distinctly enter the very house, and in spite of all doubts which (considering the great number of families always living in a large house in France) I might reasonably have cherished still, I decided at once that this was the identical substance of the shadow I had worshipped.

With what anxiety did I watch the blind that night! fancying how, if by some transmigration I could become that bird, I would pretend to be asleep like him, and sometimes hear her talking secrets to herself, or humming tunes, or laughing suddenly at some recollection, and many other notions of the kind, none of which had ever come into my head till I fell away from the wiser form of shadow worship. But that time I think she sat behind the light, for I saw nothing but the birdcage, and I went to bed in an ill-humor, having said bitter things against my landlady, because my candle, being loosely set up, fell out of its socket as I walked with it across the room.

Having now, as I believed, seen the original of the shadow—my passion began to ripen fast. No more fogs compelled me to visit the porter again; for which reason I determined to visit him without compulsion, and renew our conversation.

"Good morning, Mr. Grégoire."

"Good morning, sir."

"You were saying, 'that if I should wish—'"

"Yes; I remember. To see a really pretty girl, you should go to the cathedral any Sunday afternoon—"

"I know," I interrupted. "A young lady of common height, black hair and eyes, small nose, clear skin, black shawl and dress, and a pair of chocolate boots."

"And wears a bonnet," he added; the latter article being extremely rare in Rouen at that time, and generally considered as a mark of great gentility.

"M. Grégoire," I said, "a place where I may see so beautiful a face, any Sunday afternoon, is worth knowing. It is no fault of yours that I accidentally discovered this before you had an opportunity of completing your information. I am not so mean as to take advantage of this fact. Do me the favor—if you are a loyal man—of accepting the portrait of his majesty King Louis Philippe."

Mr. Grégoire took a bright five-franc piece that I gave him; and, gently remonstrating, deposited it in a greasy leathern bag, which he drew from somewhere under his blouse; while I, having laid this foundation of our friendship, and judging it well to pretend to have at present no other feeling than curiosity towards the owner of the chocolate boots, said, "Ah, well! Beauty does not interest me. A mere shadow has been hitherto the object of my gallantry. I think I can dispense with anything more substantial at present."

This must have been quite unintelligible to Mr. Grégoire, but he was a quiet man, and "nil admirari" (though he did not know how to say it in

Latin) was his motto. This was all that passed between us at this interview.

For six days I saw the shadow on the blind; on the seventh I met the substance in the cathedral; which seemed to me now like a very great deal of dry bread to a very small quantity of sack. On the eighth day I entered the porter's lodge again, with a nosegay, and a letter, and another five-franc piece.

"Monsieur Grégoire," I said, with a little hesitation, "if you would do me the favor to give this note and these flowers privately into the hands of the lady they are addressed to."

"Mademoiselle La Roche!" he exclaimed, with apparent surprise, the superscription catching his eye.

"I have known her long," I said, thinking to relieve him of responsibility in having previously given me information about her; "that is to say, her shadow."

"Her shadow?" said the porter looking puzzled.

"Yes. Her window, you know, is opposite mine."

"It is."

"On the blind of that window, long before I knew Mademoiselle La Roche, I used to see and take an interest in her shadow. So, you see, although you first gave me her name, and told me that that ugly fellow was her brother, our acquaintance is not your fault."

"Englishmen are so eccentric," said the porter.

I felt tempted to unfold to him a little of my theory of shadow worship, but recollecting the fate of the whimsical author of *A Journey round my Room*, who, having begun to explain philosophically a simple question from his man-servant, stopped short on perceiving that his pains were thrown away, and was thence triumphantly supposed to have been posed by the latter, I determined rather to submit to be considered eccentric.

"I may depend on you," I said.

"My word of honor," replied Mr. Grégoire, with the grace and dignity of a crowned king. My candle might have fallen out of its socket many times that night, before I could have found it in my heart to say a bitter thing against my landlady. I had seen my shadow again, and the birdcage, and—what was more important than all that night—I had also seen the shadow of a nosegay in a vase, placed between the light and the window, according to a request in my letter. Three days after—I know not by what means—I received a note.

"Sir—Your whimsical description of your interest in my shadow has amused me so much, that I have tried to persuade myself that there can be no harm in receiving from a stranger so pure and graceful a present as a few flowers. I placed them near the window last night, as you requested. You say you have seen me lately. I entreat you to avoid meeting me at present. You who have so long shown yourself capable of silence must promise me to remain strictly faithful to my shadow for—say six months. By-and-by you shall know the reason of all this. Meanwhile, if you obey me, it will be a strong proof of your sincerity. But, above all, do not make the porter of the house in which I live your confidant in this matter. Address me in future, at my friend Mademoiselle Polart's, Rue Robec, No. 8. My brother has already seen you in the 'loge,' and he is very suspicious."

"MARIE STUART LA ROCHE."

"Six months!" I repeated, as I finished the reading of this letter. "Would that I had to toil seven years, as Jacob toiled for Rachel; that you might see the strength and endurance of my love." I read it a dozen times, and wondered if a Frenchman, who had been familiar with the words from childhood, could see more meaning in them than I did. I analyzed even the subscription—the heartless French form of "assurance of esteem and distinguished consideration," which I have not thought it worth while to transcribe—and found a meaning in every word. But that constant craving, which distinguished my new sentiment from its original form, began to trouble me. A shadow every day, with the occasional feast of a letter, seemed to me a very spare diet for a strong, hearty, growing passion like mine. The love of Jacob for Rachel, I felt, must have been of a very cool, business-like character, and not at all to be compared with mine. "I must have been a fool," thought I, "to think of pleasing a Frenchwoman, by being ready to wait for her any length of time." Before I went to bed that night I had despatched another letter to the address she had indicated. This was her reply:—

"Sir—I assure you that your idea of my brother's character is quite a mistake. He is no tyrant. If I condemn myself, at present, to almost total seclusion, it is because I feel it to be necessary for his sake. I may confide to you the fact, that his present occupation is such that we cannot admit strangers here—not even a servant. Judge, then, how necessary to him is the presence of one upon whose prudence he knows he can depend. Adieu. Be discreet and patient.

"MARIE STUART LA ROCHE."

Here was a tantalizing mystery, indeed! Her brother's occupation required a beautiful and accomplished girl to shut herself up (except going to church once a week) for six months, never so much as showing her face at the window, save when the blind was down at night. What honest business could explain that? Was that monster—as far removed from her in mind as in body—persuading an inexperienced girl to aid him in some dishonorable pursuits; bring her, perhaps, to ruin with him? Was he a midnight robber or assassin? I thought of his herculean form, and of some mysterious murders lately committed in the streets of the city, and pictured him stealing up the dark staircase at night—like Cardillac, the jeweller—fresh from some horrible deed. This must be it; unless he was a coiner. Yes, he might be a coiner; he *was* a coiner; I had no doubt of it. Till, lying in bed awake, it struck me that he was, perhaps, a political conspirator. This would account for the desire for privacy. He had papers about. He was making an infernal machine. It would not do for his sister to expose her beauty to the world, and attract strangers to watch about there. Otherwise, what was there particularly dangerous in my being in the porter's lodge? This milder hypothesis seemed to me a sudden inspiration. "She is in hourly danger," I said. "Dark plots are forming around her; barrels of gunpowder are under her bed. Her brother, with horrible imprecations, forbids her to pry into their contents. She sees a dreadful machine with rows of iron barrels, and is told to ask no questions. Her brother mysteriously implores her to keep at home, and like a noble,

self-sacrificing creature, she renounces all for him."

My suspicions became more and more painful; but I did not dare to hint them to her. In spite of her injunction, I watched in the cathedral unobserved, and saw her again, dressed exactly as before. I thought she looked paler, and her face haunted me. The next night, I watched till I saw the door of the porter's lodge open, and I glided in and crept up the stairs. I thought, if I could listen at the door a moment, and perhaps hear her voice, which I had never heard yet, it would be a relief. There was a lamp on the staircase, but it was nearly burnt out, and I groped my way up in the dark. I listened at her door, but could hear nothing. A light came through the keyhole, and a curiosity—which was perhaps my secret motive in coming there—prompted me to look through. But I was disappointed. I could see no one, nor anything more suspicious than a fireplace and a picture on the wall.

I was turning my eye from side to side, to get as wide a range of sight over the room as possible, and was wholly absorbed in my expectation of seeing something remarkable, when I felt myself suddenly grasped by both arms from behind.

"I know you," said a voice, "though we are in the dark. I am tempted to throw you down the well of the staircase."

"Let go," I said, struggling.

"Scoundrel! spy!" he exclaimed.

"Let go!" I repeated, still striving in his terrible gripe, "and I will explain my conduct frankly."

"I know your purpose," he replied, giving me a sudden swing round that hurled me against the opposite wall, and taking my place at the door. "I suspected you the first time I saw you. You have been prying here before."

Scarcely waiting to hear his last words, I felt so exasperated with his violence, that I rushed at him, and struck him several times with my fist. Immediately after, the blows of a stick began to fall upon my back and shoulders, like the strokes of two blacksmiths beating at the same piece of iron on an anvil. Warding off the blows with my arm, I rushed at him again; but a second time he hurled me against the wall, and suddenly opening the door, he entered and closed it in my face, turning the key.

My position was embarrassing. To batter the door would have been as ridiculous as to have been caught listening there. I resolved to retreat, and meditate some scheme for vengeance at leisure. I walked about the streets for some time, and thought of the stanzas in Corneille's tragedy, in which the Cid describes the conflict of love and honor, when called upon to avenge the insults of Don Gomez. From this, it will be supposed that my bruises were not of a serious character; but my humiliation was great. I would have given an Aldine copy of Erasmus, with the signature of Montaigne upon the title-page (if I had possessed a copy of Erasmus with that valuable addition), to have known whether his sister was in her room during our fracas. I passed by the window and saw a light there, but no shadow. I determined to go home and write a long letter, in which I hinted my suspicions of her danger, and entreated her to confide all to me.

Her reply was longer coming this time. Meanwhile the horrible brother haunted me; I compared him to that furious and unreasonable genii, who

would hear no explanation from the unfortunate merchant, who, peacefully eating his meal by the wayside, and flinging his date stones over his shoulder, had unintentionally knocked out his miserable one eye. There was cunning, malignity, and injustice, and even a consciousness of supernatural power, all to be discerned in that hideous countenance, that I had never forgotten since the moment when it suddenly appeared, set in the frame of the porter's doorway. I knew he had not walked up the stairs when he found me at the door; I must have heard him if he had. He was probably at a few thousands of leagues distance, engaged in some nefarious business; when, knowing by some means that I was looking through his keyhole, he vanished, and in a moment reappeared behind me on the landing. This might naturally have led me to suspect that his sister was some wrinkled old hag, whom his magic art made beautiful, in whatever eyes he pleased; but it did not. And, herein, I cannot blame myself, consistently with my philosophy of illusions. For I hold that Titania was blessed even in her love for Bottom, the weaver, and was not at all to be pitied, until the spell was broken.

This was the third letter that I received from Miss La Roche:—

"Sir—I am much grieved that you should have suffered from my brother's violence on my account. How could you be so mad as to enter the house, after I told you the danger? My brother is very unreasonable, but you must be patient with him, and forgive him, as I do, for my sake. I will explain to you everything—as I might have done at first, if I had foreseen this misfortune. My brother, I assure you again, bears no resemblance of the monster which your imagination has pictured him. His personal defects, I am sure, do not prejudice you against him; and his slight failings, in other respects, I think you will forgive when you know him better. Listen, then, to the simple explanation of the mystery which has so troubled you. Five years ago, my brother was a chymist; he served the dyers with ingredients for dyeing. One day he heard that Jacob Garcia, a Spaniard, had discovered a new scarlet of more brilliancy than had hitherto been known, and that he had sold his secret for a million of francs. My brother's mind was captivated, and he began to experiment for further improvements. The pursuit became a passion; he gave up his business and came to Rouen—our native city—to continue his experiments in secret. Drawing near (as he assures me) to the attainment of his object, he is become, after five years' research, more and more anxious lest his secret should be stolen from him. For this reason he never allows any stranger to enter here. His apparatus and materials are always exposed, and the slightest trace, he imagines, might afford a clue to his mystery. I have told him that he exaggerates the danger, but his anxiety only increases. It has become almost a mania; and his eccentric and irritable nature, I feel, will not be improved until his labors are ended.

"This, sir, is why I entreat you, at present, to be contented with my shadow.

"MARIE STUART LA ROCHE."

Here was a reasonable explanation. Why, of course, I might have guessed all this, but for an unfortunate propensity to imagine marvels. How

could I sufficiently apologize to this noble and disinterested girl, for my absurd suspicion? Her wise and gentle tone, her devotedness to her brother, her compassion for failings—that highest proof of a thoughtful mind—made me ashamed of my own weakness. I wrote to her again, promising to wait patiently, and excusing my folly on the plea of my anxiety for her welfare; and assuring her that since her explanation, I felt the highest respect and esteem for her brother. I confess, however, that my antipathy for him was not diminished, and that if I happened to go out late, I had no desire whatever to meet him in our lonely street.

My labors in the library were now ended, and nothing but my shadow correspondent retained me in Rouen. One Sunday I resolved again to watch for her in the cathedral, concealing myself as before. She came as usual, and wore chocolate boots again. Standing behind a pillar, I saw her once more go out by the baize-covered door. When I thought that she had time enough to disappear, I went out also. But, as I stood in the porch again, I saw her, to my astonishment, standing with a stranger, talking, in the very centre of the marketplace! Could it be possible that this story of her brother's pursuits was but an ingenious fiction intended to deceive me, and prevent me for some purpose discovering that she had another lover? I could not believe that. It must be some relative. She had said that they were natives of Rouen; they had of course connections in the city.

She took his arm, and they walked away together, while I followed them at a distance, determined to note any further indications of the nature of their acquaintance. Keeping close in the shadow of the houses, in a narrow lane, I saw the stranger place his arm around her waist, which she suffered without resisting, and they walked on thus till they came to the street in which she lived. There they stopped, as if deeming it imprudent to go any further together, and stood again talking, for some time, at the corner of the lane. At last I saw them embrace each other, so long and earnestly, that I felt the evidence of her treachery to be complete; and finally they separated, and walked away in opposite directions, in the same street.

I never had imagined such duplicity. Such a beautiful girl to turn out the cunningest hypocrite I had ever met with! All my old suspicions of her horrible brother were at once revived. I shuddered to think what might have been her real motive in trying to keep my passion alive for six months. Perhaps to give her time to draw one victim into her brother's power, before beginning with me. At any rate, I resolved to overtake her, and tax her at once with her faithlessness, in order to remove all ground for doubts. So I walked after her rapidly till within a few yards of her, when she heard my footsteps and turned round.

"Is that you, Adolphe?" she said, for the overhanging roofs made it quite dark upon the pathway.

"No," I answered, coming forward. "It is I—another of your lovers—your shadow-worshipper. You know me."

"There is some mistake, sir," she said, evidently trembling. "The darkness has deceived you."

"No," I answered, "there is no mistake"—for I took her trembling for a sign of guilt. "I am

your simple correspondent, to whom you told that pleasant story about the dye. Do you not blush a deeper scarlet than Jacob Garcia ever discovered?"

"I don't know who you mean, sir, by Jacob Garcia," she interrupted.

"Jacob Garcia the Spaniard, I mean; he who set your fiendish brother's head a-fire, till he gave up the chemistry business, and shut himself up with you, and became very irritable, and could not bear you to look out of the window."

"Indeed, sir," she said, "there is some mistake. I have no brother. I don't understand you. Pray let me go."

"I am not mistaken," I persisted. "You think I have only seen you once; but I have watched you many times in the Cathedral. I have discovered your duplicity, this very night, Miss La Roche," I continued impressively, intending to warn her of the results of such faithlessness—

"No, sir, indeed," she interrupted, "that is not my name. I have heard that name somewhere—I don't know. My name is Mademoiselle Antoinette; my other name is Duchemin."

"Ay, ay," said I, "you have a lively fancy. You can invent names—whole histories when you please. Serpent, confess that you know who I am."

"For shame!" she said, beginning to shed tears; "you would not dare to insult me thus, if Adolphe were near. He would kill you on the spot."

"Your tears betray you," I said, with the stern perseverance of Milton's Samson; "I am satisfied. Henceforth—"

But my manner becoming very impressive at this point, she shrank back in alarm; and then, seizing the opportunity, she darted away, and in a moment disappeared through the entrance to her house.

In spite of my philosophical theories, I felt compelled to take the ordinary view of things which, in calmer moments, I should have undoubtedly rejected. I was, in short, vexed at having been her dupe, and tempted to rush up the stairs again, and provoke her Goliath of a brother to instant combat. I felt that I could have returned from the fight, carrying in my hand his hideous head (with the expression of contemptuous defiance with which he began the strife still upon its features), swinging it to and fro, by its long black hair, with very great satisfaction. It would have been

sweet to hang his scalp at my girdle. I could have felt great pleasure in drinking beer out of his skull in the Scandinavian paradise. All which ideas passed through my mind while I was crossing the road, and before I had caught sight of my shadow, seated as usual on its shadowy chair. When I saw this, my mind was troubled. She had not had time to mount the stairs and take off her bonnet; I suspected that the brother's magic was again employed to deceive me; but the bare possibility of the porter having made some mistake occurred to me, and I crossed the road again, and entered the lodge.

"Mr. Grégoire," I said, "did you not tell me that the name of my opposite neighbor is La Roche?"

"Without doubt."

"And that she was to be seen in the Cathedral any Sunday afternoon; that she was of common height; had black hair and eyes; wore chocolate boots; and never appeared without a bonnet?"

"Pardon," replied the porter; "you confound two people. I spoke then of Mademoiselle Antoinette—a very different person."

"But I was speaking of Miss La Roche. You told me that was my neighbor's name."

"I did. But, said I, if you wish to see a *really* pretty young woman, look at Mademoiselle Antoinette, or rather I meant to say so when you stopped me."

I was confounded.

"Monsieur is so hasty—so very eccentric," said the porter, following up his advantage.

"But you said you knew Mademoiselle La Roche; and it was not for me to say anything against her."

"Against her!" said I. "What is there to be said against her? Speak; I shall not be offended. You may depend upon my secrecy."

"Mademoiselle La Roche is a very good young woman," replied Mr. Grégoire, shrugging his shoulders; "and they say a very sensible young woman."

"But in face," said I, instinctively interpreting the shrug of his shoulders, "is the very counterpart of her horrible brother. Is it not so?"

"Not *quite* so ugly," said the porter, shrugging his shoulders again.

That shrug was sufficient. I fled precipitately, and the next morning departed for Paris, without even having seen or desiring to see the object of my truly shadowy passion.

From Household Words.

OLD ECHOES.

You wonder that my tears should flow
In listening to that simple strain;
That those unskilful sounds should fill
My soul with joy and pain—
How can you tell what thoughts it stirs
Within my heart again?

You wonder why that common phrase,
So all unmeaning to your ear,
Should stay me in my merriest mood,
And thrill my soul to hear—
How can you tell what ancient charm
Has made me hold it dear?

You smile to see me turn and speak
With one whose converse you despise,
You do not see the dreams of old

That with his voice arise—
How can you tell what links have made
Him sacred in my eyes?

O, these are Voices of the Past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear me back to times
Which cannot come again;
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain!

THE returns of the British General Post Office for the past year give additional proof of the efficacy of the penny postage system in every respect. In 1839 the number of letters was 76 millions; in 1840, first year of the new system, 169 millions; in 1845 the number reached 271½ millions; in 1850 it was 347 millions; and in 1852 it had increased to 379½ millions.

From Household Words.

A PILL-BOX.

A box is often a lure, a bribe, a coaxing machine. Its contents may be pretty or valuable, or both. But the box frequently entices to the purchase of that which would not be purchased if the box were not. Herein is the philosophy of box-making. It is a psychological study. The box-maker not only contrives to fashion a convenient receptacle for the thing to be contained, fitting in shape and size, and perchance elegant in form and adornments; but he studies (although he may know nothing of phrenology) the bumps of form, color, individuality, ideality, in his friend the public.

Never was there so much money spent as now for captivating boxes; and never were the wits of the makers of these packages so taxed for new designs and new combinations. Take envelope-boxes. A new and "catching" envelope-box is a little fortune to the envelope-maker; he packs up his shilling's-worth in the graceful new box, and the whole is bought as much for the sake of the box as for the contents. Those who enjoy peeping into shop-windows—and it is a peep not without profit, if the peeper can only keep his hands out of his pockets—will remember the Crystal Palace envelope-box, the almanac envelope-box, the thermometer envelope-box, and hosts of others; all equally good for the envelopes, but each intended to catch the eye of the buyer by some novelty or some beauty.

The French are very busy manufacturers of paper boxes; not merely such small wares as pill-boxes; but a whole class of boxes in which cartonnage or pasteboard is the material. No less than four thousand persons are said to be thus employed in Paris; and these are not employed indiscriminately on all kinds. Jacques Bonhomme may make very good pill-boxes; but it does not hence follow that Jacques can equally well produce the other varieties. The boxes are classified almost with the care and discrimination with which the naturalist classifies his plants and animals. First in rank come the most elaborately finished and ornamental boxes, for the display of artificial flowers, rich velvets, ribbons, satins, silk trimmings, corbeilles for wedding-presents, and other costly delicacies which appeal to the purses of the wealthy; these require the services of the most skilled artisans in the cartonnage trade. Next in rank come the boxes and small cartonnage decorations required by the confectioner, for the tasteful adornment of his table sweets, or for packing the smaller sweets for sale. Another class of boxes comprises those used for packing the numerous nameless trinkets which the French are in the habit of selling at twenty-five sous per box. Fourth on the list are found those boxes which are used to contain perfumery, fans, gloves, and various articles of haberdashery. Boxes of the fifth class, larger in size but humbler in quality, are those which may be seen on the shelves of mercers and milliners and haberdashers, containing the largest kinds of goods which can conveniently be placed in paper boxes. The sixth, smallest and cheapest, but the most numerous and certainly not the least commercially important, are productions of the pill-box and wafer-box genus. In neatness of execution, and lightness and delicacy of ornament, this French cartonnage

maintains a high reputation. Besides the above six classes, the boxes for containing fruit are largely made in France, especially at Bordeaux.

Wherever the manufacture of lace, gloves, or light articles of haberdashery and hosiery is largely carried on, there is sure to be an extensive demand for paper boxes. Thus, paper boxes are made in Manchester, Nottingham, Leicester, and Belfast, as well as in Birmingham, for the innumerable trinkets of that town. The paper duty presses heavily on this home manufacture. Least any one should imagine that boxes and wrappers and labels for manufactured goods are trifling matters, we may just mention that Belfast is said to spend eighty thousand pounds a year for the ornamental wrappers alone in which Irish linen is bound for export, and that the School of Design in that town is looked forward to as a means of educating designers for this as well as other departments of artistic adornment for manufactures.

In the higher departments of paper box-making, the fabrication of the box itself is a small matter compared with the adornment. The smoothly rolled carton or pasteboard is cut to size; and by delicate touches of the scissors, and the paste-brush, and the gum-pencil, the structure is built up; the paint and the varnish, the enamel and the gelatine, the gold and the embossment, do the rest. There are writing-desks and work-boxes now made of carton, presenting an exquisite delicacy of appearance; the color and texture of the carton itself presenting an unexceptionable groundwork on which taste may be afterwards displayed. Time has been when carton delicacies—"papyroplastics"—were a favorite object of fire-side lady-like pursuit; but the never-ending crochet-needle seems to have set these nearly aside.

It is, however, in relation to the smaller and cheaper paper boxes that the commercial or manufacturing features are most worthy of attention. Small haberdashery, small confectionary, and small trinkets, are packed to an immense extent in boxes made with surprising cheapness. Some of these boxes, though paper externally, are really made of wood; they are of the kind called scale-board. A pretty art this is, of making scale-board out of a thick plank. There is a sharp cutting instrument, bearing much resemblance to an ordinary plane-iron; it is as long as a plank is wide, and is used to cut off a layer, or shaving, or veneer, or scale from the plank. The plank is moved by a steam-engine, and is drawn steadily over the inverted plane-iron (which is fitted to a bench), by which a slice is shaved off; and this is repeated until the whole thickness of the plank is sliced away. So nice has now become this art, that with a very smooth-grained and regular kind of deal, one hundred and twenty films or scales are occasionally cut from an inch of thickness; for it must be remembered that there is no sawdust, no waste; like a well-conditioned wheaten loaf, the plank may be sliced without making crumbs. It is, however, rarely that the wood is cut to such extreme thinness as this; a thirtieth or fortieth of an inch is a much more usual and useful thickness. This, then, is the scaleboard employed by the box-maker; he procures it from the saw-mills, and forthwith fashions it to his wants. The scale is cut half through, and turned up to form sides and ends; thin paper is pasted on both sides, to strengthen the slender structure and to form the hinges; a little paste or glue cements the junc-

tures; and the outer covering of smarter paper gives much of the strength and all of the beauty which the box may present.

But the boxes of which we are now speaking—oblong quadrangular boxes from an inch or two to a foot or two in length—are not all made of scaleboard; some are formed of carton or pasteboard. The pasteboard consists of numerous sheets of paper, pasted, and pressed, and rolled into a homogeneous substance. The pasteboard, like the scaleboard, is cut half through, at the boundary of the length and breadth of the box, to permit the outlying pieces to be turned up for forming the sides and ends, and little square bits are cut out at the corners to enable these turnings-up to take place. In most of such boxes the horizontal edges form tolerably strong joints, simply because the carton remains in one piece, being not cut through; while the vertical edges are secured rather by the paper with which the box is usually lined and covered, than by direct applications of glue or paste.

What would any such box be worth, however, without its external beauty? The reader may rest assured that this beauty—real or conventional, as the case may be—is a subject of most serious thought to the maker. How poor is mere black ink in aiding us to describe the dazzling attractions of this little box now before us! It is about two inches long by an inch and a half in width; it is one of a kind which the maker sells wholesale at three shillings and sixpence per gross, a fraction above one farthing per box; it is not mere scaleboard, but real pasteboard, covered with glazed paper, edged with gold paper, adorned with a colored picture on the lid, and surfaced with gelatine as smooth and lustrous as glass itself—and all for three-pence half-penny per dozen. Its destiny is, we believe, to be filled with comfits or confectionary, and then to be sold complete for one penny, or, perhaps, twopence. Let us take the liberty to look into the artistic department of our friend the box-maker. Here is an artist at work (for as some tailors keep a poet, so do some box-makers keep an artist); he is making new designs for box pictures, and is copying bits from larger pictures; he does not attempt the lofty style, but wishes to catch the eye of penny buyers. The Australian diggings, Jenny Lind, the Bloomers, the Duke of Wellington, Uncle Tom's Cabin—all are fish that come to his net; he keeps an eye upon what is passing in the world around him, seizes on any matter of public interest, and fixes it down on paper directly, or rather on stone, for the pictures are lithographed. Our manufacturer has by him drawers full and portfolios full of sheets of pictures, some newly springing into popularity, others passing into oblivion; the maker and the artist taking especial care that new beauties shall be ready to attract the eye before passed beauties have waned too much. The Duke was a capital subject; he sold many scores of grosses of boxes. At present Uncle Tom is the reigning favorite. Who, we should like to know, could resist purchasing a box of sugar-plums, when there is Eva teaching Uncle Tom, or Eliza crossing the ice, or the Quaker throwing the big fellow down the precipice, or Topsy not knowin' nothin' about nobody—all for one penny! The pictures, whatever be the subjects, are grouped to the size of a large sheet of paper; they are engraved upon stone, and printed off; they are handed up to children, who color

them; they are then glazed in a very remarkable way with pure gelatine, so smooth and glass-like as to excel any varnish; they are lastly cut up, and pasted to the lids of the boxes which are to receive them.

To those who have no opportunity of testing the greatness of the manufacture of small things, there is something about pill-boxes even yet more curious; they are cheaper by a wide interval than any of the square boxes (except Congreve boxes, which are the poorest of the poor), and yet there is really more manufacture in them, more of the appliances of mechanical skill. There is a veteran pill-box maker—the king of the craft, we believe, in England—residing not so very far from the Artillery Ground at Finsbury; in his rambling old-fashioned workshops, with his score or so of assistants, he makes by millions the neat little pasteboard boxes for pills, and the cheap wood or chip boxes for wafers, for ointments, and other minor purposes; and an hour may be much worse spent than in looking at the nimble fingers of these workers.

Is it not a striking fact that chip boxes, each requiring the work of eleven persons, can be sold at one shilling per gross—three for a farthing? But this is the case in respect to the smallest ointment boxes met with at the chemist's!

A box of this kind, an inch and a half in diameter, an inch high, with a lid extending a quarter of an inch down over the box—let us stand by and see such a box made. In the first place, a plank of soft deal is selected, rather more than an inch and a half in thickness; a shaving or veneer from the edge of this plank will be wide enough for the diameter of the box. The plank is so fixed that a planing machine can pass along it, and take off a film of the required width; and this is repeated until the plank is planed away. Another, one inch in thickness, is similarly planed to form the vertical sides of the box; and a third, a quarter of an inch thick, yields the strips which are to make the overhanging part of the cover. Out of the broader strips, the circular discs are cut which are to form the top and bottom of the box; and this is done with astonishing rapidity by means of a punch and a wooden mallet; the punch is made of hardened steel, and is kept very sharp; the scaleboard is laid down on a block, the punch is placed on it with the left hand, and a blow with the mallet drives out a circular piece of wood; the man shifts the wood, or the punch, or both, almost as rapidly as the eye can follow his movements; and in a few seconds the punch becomes filled with a pile of twenty or thirty discs, which he removes to make way for others. Sometimes the film is cut from a much thicker plank, so as to economize material, by cutting one row of discs in the interstices of another row. The punch for the cover-disc is a little larger than that for the box disc, to enable the cover to fit properly in its place. While this punching is in progress, a dapper little maiden is giving the proper twist-about tendency to the strips which are to form the sides of the box and cover. These strips are cut to the required lengths, and are drawn between two rollers, so adjusted that each strip becomes curled partially round, the grain of the wood rendered pliable, and the surfaces glossy.

Every one of these chip boxes, and every lid, is shaped in a tinued iron mould or cylinder, in a manner the rapidity of which almost exceeds belief. One woman, with a vessel of hot glue before

her, takes up one by one the strips which are to form the sides of the boxes, and dabs a modicum of glue on one end and along one edge; she brushes them one after another, taking each in her hand in turn, and serving a hundred or a gross in—we were about to say—no time. Another woman takes each glued strip, and curls it rapidly round within a little tin cylinder or bottomless box; and when she has done twenty or thirty in this way, she takes an equal number of discs, and puts one into each cylinder; she next takes a kind of rammer, and pushes each disc down to the bottom of its little cell, where its circumference comes in contact with the glued edge of the strip; and after this she places a little wedge within and across the diameter of the box, to keep the parts in proper circular form until the glue is dry. In all these varied movements the fingers seem to work spontaneously; before the looker-on, with a high appreciation of his own keenness, has well seen how the little strip is curled round within the little cell, there are twenty cells filled, twenty discs put in, twenty actions of the rammer, and twenty wedges adjusted. If the box be oval instead of circular, like many wafer and toy boxes, the wedges would distort the oval form, and the strips are, therefore, temporarily compressed by small steel springs. Whatever the box undergoes, the same is borne by the lid; the scaleboard is planed from the plank, the discs are stamped from it, the strips are cut from it, these strips are rolled, they are glued, they are curled round within the tin case, the disc is inserted and rammed down, the wedge is inserted, and the fashioned article is liberated from its cell—all this is done for the lid as well as for the cover, and the whole together require the services of nearly a dozen persons.

But the veritable pill-boxes, the sight of which has caused so many rueful countenances, have pretty nearly got beyond the range of chip or scaleboard; they are now more frequently made of pasteboard; and it is difficult to say which is more to be admired, the neatness with which they are made, or the cheap price at which they are sold. Every one must employ his own standard or test in judging cheapness; but we cannot think there will be much difference of opinion on this present matter. A white pasteboard pill-box, with a nicely fitting cover and a pink lining, is pretty, symmetrical, and even strong; and that such boxes can be sold at sixpence or eightpence a gross—nay, that competition is bringing down the price to even less than this, for the smallest kinds—is a marvel. Pity that they should be quite so cheap; a few pence more per gross would not be felt by pill-takers.

The manufacture of the pasteboard boxes is more curious and interesting than even that of the chip boxes. The primary elements are sheets of smooth white paper, scarcely so thick as writing paper; and—supposing the box to have an ordinary white exterior with a pink lining—we will trace the youthful bringing-up of the pink and white trifle. First, a damsel, provided with a vessel containing a hot solution of cochineal, lays the sheets of paper on a bench, and gives to one surface of each a coating of the crimson pigment, which is dried by hanging in a heated room; these sheets are for the circular discs. Meanwhile, a man and a little girl are at work on the sheets intended to form the sides of the box and the cover; or rather, we should say that these sheets have previously been colored to the ex-

tent of about one fourth of their surface. The girl pastes all the uncolored portion; the man takes a wooden roller, equal in diameter to the intended box, and rolls it on the paper in such a way that the latter forms a tube round the roller; the tube has the pink portion on the inside, while the paper, rolling over itself into a fourfold thickness, has sufficient substance to form a good firm pasteboard. The man, by a few dexterous movements, solidifies and smooths the tube, and then removes the roller from within, preparatory to rolling another sheet of paper in the same way. How rapidly the man and his little assistant make these tubes, we fear to say; but as the operation is one only among many required for a box valued at a sixth part of a farthing, the time bestowed is necessarily wondrous short. The tube, about ten inches in length, is placed in the hot room to dry.

Next we trace the cutting up of the tube into boxes or box-lids. We live in an age when polish is required for everything, even if the substance polished be of the smallest possible dignity. Our fathers took pills out of boxes which had a smooth white surface, but not a glossy one; but our boxes must be polished, and the maker has, therefore, to devise a mode of doing this, by thrusting a mandril or core into the tube, and then subjecting it to pressure and friction between two wooden surfaces. A woman then cuts up each tube into box rings or lid rings; she inserts a wooden mandril, and adjusts it to the lathe; she has a small but very sharp cutting instrument, and while the tube is rotating, she cuts it up in bits of the proper length, aided by a notched guide to regulate the distances. The rapidity with which this is done is very striking; and it is a curious fact that no Sheffield knife renders such good service for the cutting process as a broken bit of watch-spring, fixed at a proper angle between two pieces of wood, and sharpened.

Each bit of tube, to form a box, is provided with a bottom by a disc of circular pasteboard, previously stamped out, and each lid to form a cover is similarly provided; the mode of adjusting these discs being nearly the same as that adopted for the chip boxes.

Some pill-boxes, occupying a more dignified position in the druggist's window, are more elaborately wrought; the box and its lid are "flush," as the carpenters would term it; that is, they are of equal diameter. This is done by making the box of double thickness, one box within another; so adjusted as to size that there may be left a shoulder or ledge upon which the lid may fit; these, of course, go far beyond our sixpence a gross boxes. These, too, have an additional adornment; for there are strips of dark purple paper pasted so neatly around them as to leave clean white edges. The sheets of purple paper are cut into narrow strips; the strips are laid down, perhaps twenty in parallel rows, on a bench, they are all pasted at once, of course on the white side; a girl takes a box or a lid in hand, applies a pasted strip around it, and employs a pair of scissors to cut off the strip at the right place and the right time. How she manages to hold the box and the scissors and the strips, and to do the work in a fraction of the tenth of a minute, is one among many wonders in this very curious art.

There are a few pill-boxes of greater pretensions—pill-boxes made of turned wood—pill-boxes made with glass tops; but we deem our old familiar chip and paper boxes much more interesting, at least in connection with the details of their manufacture.

From Chambers' Journal, Jan., 1853.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

ATTEMPTS are again being made to use carbonic acid gas as a motive-power; and if successful in keeping that energetic agent under due control, we shall have a means of travel, compared with which steam and caloric engines will be but as coffee-mills. Compressed air, too, has been made to work a locomotive, but as yet without any positive practical results. A hydraulic railway has been talked about—the trains to be driven by the pressure of water in pipes laid under the line, without the aid of a locomotive. On this system it is said the rails might be very light, and consequently cheap, while a profit would be made by supplying water to fields and towns lying on the route. This scheme is probably destined never to advance beyond its prospectus. Then we have another, which materially concerns the inhabitants of this great metropolis, as it promises to afford what has so long been desiderated—a river promenade. It is proposed to build a columnar railway from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, at such a distance from the shore as will not interfere with the main channel of the Thames, and will yet permit of free access to the numerous wharves which occupy nearly the whole distance—trains to run twelve times an hour, and the time of transit to be six minutes. Combined with the rails is to be a foot-way for pedestrians; and of such there are thousands who will wish success to the scheme, were it only for the sake of a view of the river, now so difficult to obtain except from the bridges. And it will doubtless prove a safer investment of capital than some of those Australian projects which have recently deluded weak-minded people, by a great rise in the price of shares, as sudden as unsubstantial.

Dr. Bence Jones has brought an important question before the Royal Society—the dissolution of urinary calculi in the living subject by means of voltaic electricity. Experiment has demonstrated the possibility of effecting this object out of the body; and now there only remains to perfect the instrument, and effect the operation *in* the body. If, as there is abundant reason to believe, it should answer the purpose, what an improvement it will be on the painful process of lithotomy! The Medico-Chirurgical Society, too, have had their attention called to the subject of transfusion of blood—one which made a great noise two hundred years ago, and has at sundry times since then excited much controversy. It is now asserted that, in certain conditions of bodily weakness, transfusion, "when fairly tested, may prove a remedial agent of greater power and efficacy than any we now possess." When the experiments were tried in the seventeenth century, thoughtful people rejoiced that they failed, on the ground that, if they had succeeded, tyrants would have taken care to live forever. Perhaps thoughtful people in the nineteenth century, though not expecting any such result, will fear that it may give the rich an undue advantage over the poor, merely in point of health.

Photography is making good progress among artists and amateurs, and those who support them, of which satisfactory evidence is given by the large collection of specimens exhibited by the Society of Arts. From this it appears that the best negative pictures hitherto obtained, whether on paper or collodion, have been obtained by English photographers; and every day suggests some further

improvement. By exciting and iodizing the paper in an exhausted receiver, its quality becomes such as brings out the pictures with extraordinary accuracy and finish. Some landscape views taken at the foot of the Pyrenees, are superior to anything of the kind yet produced by photography, particularly in the aerial perspective. Mr. Fox Talbot has published a description of a simple and easily portable "traveller's camera," which tourists in search of the picturesque will doubtless avail themselves of. As some of our arctic explorers were provided with photographic apparatus, we shall have an opportunity by and by of seeing what sort of pictures can be produced in the icy latitudes. In Austria, the art is to be applied to a judicial use, for the government have ordered that, in cases of railway collision or casualty, a daguerreotype of the catastrophe shall be taken before any attempt is made to clear the line. What will coroners' juries say to such evidence as this?

The same society has also an exhibition of recent inventions, which shows some of the results of ingenuity for the past year. Among the objects is a new kind of ventilating bricks for partition-walls; a siphon for dairymen, who, by means of it, will be enabled to draw the milk away from the cream, instead of skimming the cream off the milk; glass for church windows, in which the ribs that divide the panes are also glass, whereby light is not shut out; specimens of leather tanned by a new method, without the use of liquid; besides many other articles more or less useful. Is there no one ingenious enough to devise a means of preventing a great waste that takes place at the copperworks at Swansea? where, as Mr. J. Napier says, "at least 30,000 tons of sulphur, of the value of about 200,000*l.*, pass into the atmosphere every year in the compass of a few miles, which somewhat reflects upon our character as practical men, desirous of turning all things to account." Sanitation, very properly, has not been lost sight of by the inventors, but seems doomed to be a slow subject. London will get up at five o'clock, and turn into the streets without breakfast on a raw November morning, to see a duke buried; but tell London that its infantile population is decimated for want of fresh air and free drains, and the great city listens with incorrigible apathy. Some people are sanguine enough to believe that the Caxton Free Library, to be established in Westminster as a memorial of our first printer, will beneficially enlighten at least the royal quarter on this important question.

Something is being done in the artificial production of fish, but it remains to be seen whether with as much success as in France. Salmon have been artificially introduced into a tributary of the Swale, one of our Yorkshire rivers. A brood of spawn was taken from the Tees in December, 1851, and from observations made in the following March, it appears they were fully hatched. The spawning-bed was made on a bed of gravel in a part of the stream never frozen, and barriers were erected ten yards on each side of the spot, to exclude other fish, and prevent the too early escape of the young fry. Mr. Fisher, by whom the experiment was undertaken, says: "We have proved the fact, that the Swale may be again stocked with salmon, provided we can make arrangements with the proprietor of a mill-weir, twenty-five miles from this place (Richmond), to let the fish, on coming up from the sea, have 'free gap' from time to time." If the Swale can be restocked, why not the other

rivers, and with other kinds of fish as well as salmon? and thereby add to our alimentary resources. It is known that, for some years past, attempts have been made to stock the rivers of Van Diemen's Land with salmon from the Scottish streams, but hitherto without success. The discovery that spawn may be transported to long distances without injury will possibly lead to a renewal of the attempts, especially as steam navigation will now be available.

Appropos of navigation: the Americans are publishing their first Nautical Almanac, and are enlarging their docks and lengthening their piers in the New York river, to accommodate our gigantic ocean steamers. They are going to send Commander Lynch, who explored the Dead Sea, and wrote an interesting book about it a year or two ago, to make a *reconnaissance* along the coast of Africa, from Cape Palmas to the river Gaboon, and to push into the interior whenever opportunity shall permit, the object being, as may be supposed, to extend trade and colonization. They are about to despatch another expedition to the arctic regions under Lieutenant Kane, to explore the northern extremity of Greenland in boats and sledges, and to reach the Pole if possible. Besides this, one of their government functionaries tells us, in his annual report, that a project has been formed for laying down an under-sea telegraph from England to the States. "It is proposed," he says, "to commence at the most northerly point of Scotland, run thence to the Orkney Islands, and thence by short water-lines to the Shetland and Farøe. From these a water-line of from 200 to 300 miles would conduct the telegraph to Iceland, and onwards to Kiøge Bay, on the eastern coast of Greenland. It would then cross the latter country and Davis' Strait, to Byron's Bay on the coast of Labrador, where it would meet a line extending to Quebec, and to all parts of the American continent. The entire length would be about 2500 miles, of which three fifths are water." Another undertaking of a similar nature, we are informed, is "actually commenced." A wire 150 miles long is to be sunk across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Prince Edward Island to Newfoundland, across which it is to be carried, and terminate at Cape Race—making a total distance from Halifax of about 1500 miles. Then, as Cape Race is not more than five days' voyage from Ireland for a steamer, we shall get news from the other side of the Atlantic before it is a week old; and the Governor of Canada need never make mistakes for want of advice from the Colonial Secretary.

Captain Syngé, of the Royal Engineers, has brought a proposal before our Geographical Society, "for a rapid communication with the Pacific and the East, *via* British North America." This is at first sight rather a startling scheme, but its feasibility has been proved by the fact of a few hardy individuals having traversed the whole distance, tempted by the fame of the Californian gold-diggings. There are already 1500 miles of unobstructed navigation from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the head of Lake Huron, which, ere long, will be extended 400 miles further to the head of Lake Superior, as a canal is about to be made to avoid the obstacle hitherto opposed by the Falls of St. Mary. From thence the passage would be by rivers running through a fertile and beautiful region to Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, and others, to Lake Winnipeg, from which a water-communication extends to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Here, the pass is by no means steep or difficult,

and the highest dividing ridge is not more than 1458 feet above the sea-level. There are lakes, too, on the table-land of the summit, which would facilitate the passage to the western slope, and so down to Vancouver's Island, where of course a trading port would have to be established.

Considerable organization would be required for the successful working of this scheme; railways or common roads would have to be made in different places to connect the rivers, or canals would have to be cut to effect the same purpose, before the transit could be speedy. By carrying a telegraph along the whole route, the 3000 miles of distance which it includes would be annihilated in so far as the flashing of intelligence is concerned. The advantages claimed for it are—that it passes through none but British territory; that it is from 1500 to 3000 miles shorter than the other mail-routes from Southampton to Sydney, by way of the Isthmus or the Cape; and that, instead of from 62 to 80 days, not more than from 44 to 52 would be required to travel it. It will be long before this scheme is realized; meantime, the idea may stand on record as a proof of the speculative spirit of the age.

The means taken to establish a southern whale-fishery have not been so successful as was anticipated. The Auckland Islands are to be given up; Mr. Enderby, the governor, is coming home; and the depot is to be transferred to Hobart-Town—all of which looks as though the Americans alone can make it worth while to catch whales in the South Pacific; and it is a question, whether it is not cheaper to buy the oil from them than to go so far to collect it. Neither have they been idle in the polar seas, for in 1849-50, 299 of their vessels passed Behring's Strait, employing 8970 seamen, who returned with 17,412,453 dollars' worth of bone and oil. If they attempt the same sea by way of Spitzbergen, their success will probably be greater. While this fact is talked about among speculators, our antiquaries are discussing other facts—namely, Colonel Rawlinson, having been compelled to leave Bagdad to recruit his health, has opened mounds at Seleucia, in search of memorials of the past, and is recreating himself, in the intervals of digging, by bringing to light the signification of Babylonish writing. It is said that in running the boundary-line between Turkey and Persia, some heretofore unknown ruins were struck, which answer to the description, in the Book of Esther, of the ancient palace of Shushan, and in which the remains yet exist of the "pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble." It is to be hoped that some enterprising archaeologist will go over and verify the rumor.

Struve of Pulkowa, has brought to a close and published a series of exact micrometrical measurements of Saturn and his rings, a work which commands itself to astronomers everywhere, as it gives them trust worthy data by which to detect and compare future changes. With such observations as we have, it is found that the appearances and dimensions of the objects are not the same now as formerly. Mr. Babbage suggests, that the rose-colored prominences seen during a total eclipse of the sun, and so puzzling to astronomers, are nothing more than the smoke of volcanoes floating in the solar atmosphere. An ingenious attempt has been made to see these prominences on ordinary occasions, by getting a reflection of that portion of the sky immediately surrounding the sun's disk, but as yet without success.

From Household Words.

BERTHALDE REIMER'S VOICE.

"THAT 'll do, wife—that 'll do; it's not a very cold night," Karl Reimer said with a sigh; and his wife, looking a little sadly for a moment in his face, replaced the fresh log of wood with which she meant to replenish the half-burnt embers on the hearth. Returning to her chair she sat down in silence by her husband's side.

"Your work has not made you hungry to-night, Karl," she said, presently, with an effort at cheerfulness in her voice, and she glanced at a little table standing near, on which a very homely supper of brown German bread and sour milk in a thick curd lay scarcely tasted.

"Hungry enough, wife," was the quiet answer.

There was a pause. The woman, stooping forward, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said gently:

"We must keep a good heart, husband. While we have good wholesome food, and a roof to cover us, we have no right to complain; many a one is worse off than we to-night!"

"Ay, to-night—it is not to-night I'm thinking of," Karl muttered, and suddenly rousing himself he stretched out and cautiously bent and unbent his left arm, clenching his hand the while, like one trying its strength; then shaking his head with a deep sigh, he let it fall again by his side, and resumed his former attitude.

"It is rest that you want," his wife said soothingly. "You have been working too hard these two or three months."

"No," he answered despondingly, "no rest would bring back strength to this arm. It is not overwork that has brought on the weakness. Wife, look here," and a sickly smile came over his lips, as, clenching his hand again, he turned it to her. "Look—a child might open it. Try you" (her first effort unclasped his fingers). "I thought so," he said bitterly. And again they both were silent. There were tears in Madame Reimer's eyes, and she held the weakened hand closely in hers.

"It might have been the right hand. Be thankful, Karl," she said softly, in a little while.

"I am thankful; but if it get worse, if it become useless, I should have to give up work; what's to become of us all!—what's to become, all through her life, of that poor child!"

"Hush!" Madame Reimer whispered softly, and shading her face from the light, she turned her eyes to a corner of the room where, in a little, low bed, a girl lay asleep.

"She has been asleep an hour or more," Karl answered quickly. "If it were not for her, we could bear up bravely enough. We have worked hard, both of us, these seven years past—seven! ay, it is more than seven since the lightning blinded her—near eight years now—we have worked hard to try and save up for her, and what will she ever be the better for it! There's not a week passes but we have to draw upon our little stock; for, of all we have worked and saved there are not twenty guilder left. She will be a beggar, our child—our Berthalde!"

"Hush, hush, Karl! it will not come to that—we can work for her yet—it is all in God's hands."

There was a few minutes' pause. Then Karl spoke again, in a passionate, though subdued voice:—

"She may be a beggar next month, for aught we know. When I can't work any longer, what is there for the whole of us but beggary?" A momentary flush spread over his brow; but, as it passed away, he proudly raised his head, and, shaking back his thick hair, crept on tiptoe to the bed, and knelt down on the floor beside it. As he bent over the sleeping child, a look of deep, pitying, and tender love softened his rugged features. Softly and tenderly he pressed his rough hard hand over the child's uncovered head; drew aside a curl of her long hair that hid her face; and, stooping down, pressed his lips in a long silent kiss upon her pale thin cheek. She lay quite still, with her sightless eyes closed, breathing low and quickly.

"How pale she is!" Madame Reimer whispered; for she had followed her husband, and stood now with her hands leaning on his arm, and her eyes fixed upon her child.

The little face was as still and white as if it had been carved in marble. For an instant Karl glanced upwards to his wife, and a look of sudden alarm and pain passed over him—a quick look, which seemed to flash for a moment from his dark piercing eyes; then, as it died away, he turned round to the little bed again, and laid his head beside his child's upon the pillow, not speaking anything aloud, although his lips moved.

"May the holy Virgin bless her!" Madame Reimer whispered in the silence.

"Amen!" Karl breathed, in his deep, low voice; and with one other kiss he rose from his knees. "We will go to bed now; tread softly, wife—softly," he said, as together they moved away.

But when the door was closed, and all was still, then, in the darkness and the silence, large tears began to steal through the closed lids of Berthalde's eyes; for she had heard all that which their love would strive to keep from her. She had had many fears of late; her father had seemed changed, and sorrowful; and, longing to know what thing it was that grieved him, she thought it no sin to listen. Now that she did know, the child could only weep, and sob sorrowfully to herself.

"O, that I could do anything to help them! O, that I could work! O, that I was not blind!"

Berthalde was so patient and so gentle, that she could feel no deep or keen regret for the loss of that which yet had made her life almost a blank to her. Others thought that she had grown accustomed to blindness; that she had forgotten what it was to see. But that was the one sweet memory of her life; sweet, yet full of a wild, deep sadness unutterably beautiful, as is the memory of a glorious dream, too beautiful to have been. Often in the long, silent nights she lay awake, and thought of it, weeping then when she was all alone, as she was weeping now to-night; but to-night another, and a different thought was in her heart—a thought which many a time had risen there before; but never with the strength and bitterness that it did now; for, as she lay awake, she thought that there was not one thing in all the world that she could ever do to help or comfort any one she loved; that she must be all through her life until she was quite old, a burden upon every one—a useless, helpless, solitary thing, not giving joy to any, nor feeling joy herself. Thinking this, the poor child longed to die; and shivering, drew up the bedclothes round her, hiding her face beneath them, that the bitter sob

which burst from her might not be heard breaking the silence of the night. For in this hour there seemed no comfort near her; all dark without, within it seemed as dark; the love that had been poured upon her through so many years was all forgotten now, she could not feel that she was loved; her whole heart seemed to have room in it only for one thought—that she was an encumbrance upon the earth.

Piercing through the richly painted windows of a dim old church the winter's sun threw on the marble pavement of the nave bright rays of colored light, making the gloom on either side seem deeper still. From the altars, waxen tapers shed on the gold and silver plate around, on the gay vases filled with flowers, and on the rich, gold-embroidered dresses of the priests, a sudden radiance.

In the open space without the rails of the High Altar many people knelt; for it was a festival to-day, and Mass was being performed. There was a daily mass, but then the people were so much absorbed in their worldly occupations that the mass was often solemnized on week-days to empty walls. A child had slowly and softly threaded her way across the nave to take up her station alone at the foot of one particular pillar in the chancel. Daily, for hours together, she sat in the same spot, as still as if she were a little marble emblem. Few noticed her, and few came near her, for the pillar stood in deep shade, and she was almost hidden when she sat beneath it. It was a dark and gloomy seat, but the most cheerful spot in all the church would have been as dark to poor Berthalde.

To-day there were marks of tears upon her cheeks. Still she waited patiently to hear the glorious voice of the organ, which always spoke to her. It seemed of all the things upon earth the most beautiful. She thought it never would begin to play to-day. But at last she heard the first low swelling notes; and, as she listened, drinking in the rich, heart-filling sound, all sorrow seemed to pass away, all earthly things seemed to be forgotten. As the exquisite music crept around her—now soft, faint, and low, now loud and deep, rolling wave upon wave along the great groined aisles—she knelt and hid her face, weeping. Her heart trembled with a strange, wild, half-understood delight that only cathedral music afforded her.

Never had the grand and solemn music seemed more grand and solemn than it did to-day. As the rich tones of the organ filled the solemn space around her, and the soft voices of the choristers rang through the dimly-lighted aisles, and as one solitary voice filled the great echoing church with its clear tones, the blind girl bowed her head upon her hands, trembling with a wild, almost painful joy, that seemed to take her breath away. So shaken was she with emotion, that the thin slight fingers scarcely served to hide her tears. Even when the last notes had quite died away; when the last lingering footsteps had left the church, she knelt on, as if still, in the silent air, she heard an echo of the song that to all other ears had passed away. Presently two light quick footsteps gayly tripped along the marble floor, and the sound of merry voices and half-suppressed laughter, roused her from her dream. She crouched upon the step at the pillar's base, thinking to wait there until the footsteps had gone past. But suddenly they

stopped quite close to her, and a bright young voice exclaimed—

"Oh, see how stupid I have been! I have come down without my music. Margaret, you must wait for me one minute, till I run back for it. They are closing the organ. I shall be scarcely in time!" and with the last words, leaving her companion, the girl ran quickly towards the choir.

"They are some of the singers!" Berthalde thought within herself, and her heart beat with almost a reverential feeling. "How happy they must be, how very happy!" For a moment more the tears sprang up into her eyes, for suddenly, the girl that stayed behind began, as she paced up and down, softly to sing a low, sweet melody. Berthalde remembered it at once; it was the *Agnus Dei* of the lately finished mass.

A second time there were steps and voices coming near—slow steps, unlike the first, and the singer's voice was hushed as a new voice, rich, sweet, and low, broke upon Berthalde's ear.

"What would you have me say, Lisa! I am weary of complaining. You grow more careless every day. Your singing now is worse than it was six months ago."

"Maestro, I do not think it's possible to please you now," said the girl, half angrily, half carelessly. "I'm sure I do the best I can, and I suppose my voice is as good as it used to be."

"Your voice is the finest in the choir; but—"

"My dear Master, then what is the use of scolding me!" Lisa exclaimed with real delight.

"But," he went on quietly, without heeding her, "you have no love for music—no true feeling for what you sing—no perseverance in study."

"Then what is the use of my coming here any longer!" the girl asked, with suppressed irritation.

Without answering her, the Master turned to the other girl.

"Margaret, you did well to-day, very well. Go on as steadily as you are doing now, and you will find that your reward will come. Only have courage, perseverance, and patience."

"Courage!" Margaret answered a little sadly.

"Ah, I sometimes want courage. I sometimes almost lose heart. If I had but more voice! There is so much that I can never sing. If I only had Lisa's voice!"

There was a moment's pause; then the first girl said, more humbly than she had spoken yet, "Master, what can I do! I am sure I want to sing well."

"You want to sing well?" he repeated. "Why, Lisa!"

"Why!" she answered. "Surely everybody thinks it's more pleasant to be admired than—to be blamed."

"So you wish to sing well to be admired! exactly. I understand you perfectly," he answered dryly. "And you, Margaret, is it also to be admired that you work so hard, and study so perseveringly!"

She answered "No," in a low voice, earnestly and almost humbly. Berthalde felt that it came from her heart, and in her own heart the blind girl echoed it.

The Master said abruptly, after a pause, "It is getting late. I will not detain you any longer. Good morning," and leaving them he went away, they following.

When they were gone, a sudden change had come upon Berthalde. A bright light was in her sightless eyes. She whispered tremblingly, almost like one in fear,

"Oh, if there was any way, any hope—if I knew what to do—if I could speak to him and tell him—" She paused a moment, and pressed her face upon her hands; then bursting into tears, she cried almost aloud, "Oh, if he would teach me, if he would let me learn of him, if he would let me be a singer!" and, falling on her knees again, she broke into a passionate, imploring prayer, sobbing and trembling as if her very life depended on its being heard.

For a long time she knelt, not praying always, but feverishly. Yet with intense delight and eagerness, building bright castles in the air, confusing herself with multitudes of thoughts that poured in on her; bright, happy thoughts for the most part, though now and then some sudden fear would come, making her heart grow sick, lest all that she was hoping now should never be to her anything but a dream. Then she prayed again until the fear began to fade away, and she would grow bewildered with her happiness once more. Now that she was so full of it, it seemed so strange to her that never, in all her sorrow, and with all her passionate love of music, she should have remembered that it was possible for her as a singer to gain her bread, and grow so happy; oh, so happy, that it scarcely seemed to her that there could be in all the world anything more that she could wish for.

Patient, cheerful, full of hope, day after day found Berthalde at her old place at the church, waiting, with a firm purpose though a trembling heart, to hear the Kapell-meister's step; but day after day too saw her turn away in disappointment; for in vain she waited, in vain she strained her ears to catch a sound of the well-remembered voice, in vain she listened to each solitary footstep, believing that she could at once distinguish his from any other—he never came again. And after a time she began to fear that there must be a private entrance to the choir through which he came and went, and that she might wait for months here in the chancel and never see him; and then what to do she knew not, for she shrank from telling any one her secret, and she could not hope to find her way alone to a strange place. And presently, by degrees, her heart began to sink, her whole project began to appear to her wild and unattainable, and at last one day she turned from the church so weary of hoping in vain, so sad and out of spirits, that she could scarcely keep her tears from falling as she went away.

The church was near to where she lived, so near that—blind though she was—neither her father nor her mother ever objected to her going to it alone, or feared that she should miss her way. Nor was it likely, for she had gone daily there for many years, and no accident of any kind had ever happened to her; but on this day, as she was sorrowfully making her way home, less careful perhaps than usual to keep out of the way of the passers-by, almost at the church door she tripped over something that lay across the path and fell down heavily. But almost in the instant that she fell, a voice close to her broke upon her ear—a voice that as if by magic made her forget the pain that she was suffering, for it was the long watched for voice of the Kapell-meister.

"My child, take care! Why, where could you

be looking?" he exclaimed, and before she could speak he had raised her from the ground, and was half supporting her with his arm.

"Looking would n't have done her much good, poor thing," said a good-natured man coming out of his shop close by. "Do you know her? She is the little blind girl, Berthalde Reimer."

"Why, my child, you have really hurt yourself; your hand is bleeding; let's wrap my handkerchief round it;" and while Berthalde stood trembling by him, he gently bound up her injured hand, talking to her kindly while he did it.

"I think, sir, she's a little faint—the poor thing looks so pale," the shopman said. "Let her come into my shop and rest herself before she goes home."

"No, no, no!" Berthalde broke in. "I would rather go into the church again. I wanted to speak. I wanted, if he would be so kind, I mean—oh, sir, I think I can walk!" she suddenly exclaimed; but, not heeding her remonstrance, the Kapell-meister lifted her up in his arms, for she was very little, and carried her within the church again, and laid her down upon a bench.

"Oh, sir, you are very good," she whispered, her voice quite shaking now with agitation, and nervously and half unconsciously raising herself up from the position in which he had placed her. "And, if you please, sir—if you would n't go away for a minute or two—if you would just let me say something to you that I've wanted so much to say, and not be offended—not, I mean—not think—" and then her imperfect sentence came abruptly to an end.

"You have something to say to me?" the Kapell-meister asked. "My child, how do you know who I am?"

She said quickly, "I heard you speak, one day. You are the Kapell-meister."

"You are right. But what can you have to say to me?"

He paused a moment, but there was no answer; and then, looking at her, in a gentle, pitying tone, he added,

"My child, you are frightened. Wait then a minute before you speak. Now, what is it? Tell me frankly. Is it anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried eagerly, though almost below her breath. "You can do more for me than anybody in the world! Oh, sir, I have been waiting here every day to see you, that I might be able to tell you what I want, and yet now I am afraid to say it."

"My poor girl, if it be in my power to do what you want, I will do it," the master said. "Tell me now what it is."

With drooped eyes, and hands pressed together, she said simply, in a very low voice,

"I want to learn to sing in the choir," and waited calmly, but pale even to her lips, to receive his answer.

The Kapell-meister shook his head.

"What put this into your mind? Who told you you could be a singer?"

"No one," she answered faintly.

"You thought it of yourself?"

"I thought it after I had heard you speak, one day. I never thought it until then; but I have come here to listen every day for so many years, and the music has always seemed so beautiful to me!"

The Kapell-meister laid his hand upon her head, and said, in a voice so gentle, almost so tender, that it made the tears spring to her eyes,

"My child, I think you have forgotten one obstacle; you have forgotten that you are blind."

"No, no!" she eagerly exclaimed; "I have not forgotten it. I know that I can only learn by remembering what I hear; I know that you cannot give lessons to me as you would do to others. I do not ask that you should trouble yourself with me so much; I only want to come where I can hear you teach; then you would hear me sing, and tell me when I am wrong, and what to do." And in anxious inquiry she again looked up into his face.

"You are very young," he began, after a little pause.

"I am thirteen, sir," she said, quickly; "but I am very little," she added humbly.

"Yes—but, your name, tell it me again."

"Berthalde Reimer."

"Berthalde, would it make you happy if I gave you your wish?"

The look that sprang into her face answered him without words.

"Yes, I see it would. And is it your love of music only that makes you wish to be a singer?"

There was a moment's hesitation; then the color mounted to her cheek, and she whispered,

"No."

"Tell me what other reason you have?"

She wept as she said, "We are so poor at home, and there is nothing I can do to help them. Oh, sir, do not be angry with me!" and half shrinking back she hid her face upon her hands.

"Angry, my child!" was all the Master said, but the tone thrilled to Berthalde's heart; and, as he laid his hand upon her head again, she felt such a wild rush of gratitude towards him that she could have fallen down and kissed his feet.

She told him all that was in her heart, all her sorrows and her hopes, pouring everything out to him amidst her tears, forgetting all her former fear of him in the kind sympathy with which he listened to her. And when it was all spoken, and, half sobbing, still she stood beside him, he took her hand in his, and gently said,

"Wait for me here to-morrow. You are too agitated now to let me hear your voice; but to-morrow you shall come with me to the choir. And this at least I promise you now, my child, that you shall have free leave to join the rest of the singers when we meet together. Now dry your eyes, and come with me; but are you able to walk? We have forgotten all about your fall."

"So have I, sir," she answered simply. "I can feel nothing now but joy."

"Give me your hand, then."

And they walked together to the door, and there parted.

On the following day, when mass was over, the Kapell-meister came to seek Berthalde; and, speaking to her cheerfully and kindly, led her, trembling, half with joy and half with fear, up to the organ loft. The singers were all gone save Margaret; she, by the Master's request, had remained behind, and to her he spoke, as with Berthalde he entered the choir.

"This is my little friend, Margaret, of whom I told you. I give her into your charge to teach her the way here; she will not be long in learning it, and you will take good care of her, I know, until she does."

And while he spoke, Berthalde felt her hand taken in another soft, warm hand, and a few gentle words were whispered into her ear. And

then the two girls stood together, hand in hand; and when, without another word, the Master took his seat before the organ, a long low note pealed through the church.

"Come here, Berthalde."

She came, guided by Margaret, and stood beside him.

"Listen to what Margaret sings."

In her clear, sweet voice Margaret sang a simple exercise.

"Now, my child."

Berthalde's first notes were low, feeble and broken; for every nerve within her trembled.

"Join with her, Margaret!" And, shielded by Margaret's firm strong tones, Berthalde's voice gained strength; her fear began to pass away; a strange, deep joy filled her heart; and her voice arose more clear, more full, more rich, with every phrase; mingling with the deep, grand tones of the swelling organ; and, with it, awakening the echoes of the dark old church.

The music died away under the Kapell-meister's hand, and he turned to her.

"My child, you did well to speak to me," was all he said.

Margaret, bending down, whispered, "Have courage, dear," and for a moment her lips rested on Berthalde's brow.

"Listen, Berthalde! do you know this?" and the Master played again.

It was the *Agnus Dei*. She sang it alone; beginning with much fear, and in an unsteady voice; yet as she grew absorbed, again forgetting everything in the intense delight of singing, of hearing her own voice mingling with the deep music of the organ, as hundreds of times with vague longing she had listened before to other voices; and, imperfect as her self-taught singing was—the earnest fervor with which she sang, and the purity and sweetness of her voice, made it really beautiful.

When she had done, and there was utter silence, her life seemed to hang upon the next words the Kapell-meister would speak. It seemed an age before he closed the manual of the instrument, and rose from his seat preparatory to departing. But presently, laying his hand upon her shoulder, he said,

"Berthalde, I accept you as my pupil. You were born to be a singer."

"Master!" she cried; and choking with joy fell down at his feet.

When she returned home that day it was late, and the short winter's day had closed, and she had been some time expected.

"Why, Bertie, where have you been so long?" the mother asked as she came in, and the father rose in silence to meet her; and a faint smile spread over his face as his eyes rested on the little figure that was so dear to him. Karl Reimer was much changed of late—broken down in health and spirits—growing every day more hopeless for the future. And not without cause, for his work daily became more painful to him.

"I've only been in the church, mother," Berthalde answered; but there was something in her voice that attracted the attention of them both.

Karl took her on his knees.

"What have you been doing at the church, my darling?"

She hesitated for a moment.

"Oh, father, I'm so happy! The Master says that in a few months I shall be a singer in the

choir, and that I shall earn money then to help you; and oh, father, I shall never be a burden to you any more!"

"My child!" was all Karl could say, passionately clasping her to his breast. Two large tears silently fell upon his cheek as he bent his head down over her.

Four years passed; and, on a bright, clear summer's morning in the old town there was great bustle and preparation. The Elector of Saxony was that day to pass through it; and had signified his intention—before partaking of a banquet prepared for him in the Town Hall by the chief burgo-masters—to be present at a solemn service in the principal church. It was the first time for many years that the town had been so honored.

As the hour drew near the people flocked from all parts towards the church, and before the Elector himself had arrived a dense crowd filled every corner, and a low ceaseless murmur of many voices broke the silence of the echoing aisles. The sunlight streamed across the choir; and from more than one painted window the rainbow tints again were falling on the ground, and in the far recesses where no sunlight ever came. In the dim chancels, which never but on occasions such as this were visited except by one or two stray wanderers, long lines of lamps were hung, each shedding for a little way around a faint, pale light, and shining on the eager faces which, grouped below, were all expectantly turned in one direction.

At last he came. There was a loud buzz of voices; and, mingling with the full swell of the Hallelujah chorus, which broke forth grandly and solemnly, there came in the same moment a tramp of feet along the marble pavement of the nave. The Elector crossed the church, and took the seat assigned to him near to the high altar.

The mass began, and the united voices of the choir broke forth together in the opening *Kyrie*, in purest and most perfect harmony; but when the solemn and exquisite solo, *Et incarnatus*, swept through the church, rising and falling as the accompaniment of organ and chorus rose and fell—the full, rich, fresh voice which gave it forth with the passionate fervor of an inspired devotion was greeted with an involuntary murmur of admiration from the Elector's lips, which was caught up and echoed by those standing near, spreading over the whole assembled people.

The mass was over, and the priests had left the altar; but the Elector still remained, speaking to one or two of those around him, and presently it was whispered through the church that he in person would inspect the choir; for he was an amateur of music. In a few minutes he was conducted up the narrow staircase that led to the organ-loft. The visit was so unexpected and unprepared for that the Kapell-meister had scarcely received notice, from a hurried messenger, of the Elector's approach, when he entered with two or three of his suite.

"Herr Kapell-meister, I have come to take a glance at your little territory here. Your choir does you much credit."

The bewildered maestro bowed.

"You have good materials to work upon," the Elector continued, in the tone of a connoisseur; "good voices, and a good instrument;" and, sending an excuse to the civic authorities for a little delay, added,

"I would gladly listen to a little supplementary performance."

The Master took his seat; and, at a sign from him, a beautiful dark-eyed girl moved from the little group; and, blushing deeply as the Elector's eye fell full upon her, stood by the Kapell-meister's side.

"Ay, that must be she," thought the Elector, who was a connoisseur no less in beauty than in music. But he had been over-confident. In another moment he found that his sweet songstress was still to seek, for the voice of the dark-eyed girl was a contralto.

"Very good—very good, indeed! a fine voice, and well-trained," approvingly murmured the Elector. "This young lady is your best contralto singer, I presume!"

"She is. Perhaps your highness might wish to judge of our soprano!"

"By all means," the Elector answered, heartily.

The Kapell-meister paused for a moment; and, glancing over his choir, as if in doubt whom to select, he came to a sudden decision and beckoned to Margaret. She came half unwillingly to his side; and, stooping down, spoke something to him in a low voice.

"Yes, presently," he answered aloud, with a smile; and, pointing to the music that lay on the desk before him, he began to play. It was an air from Pergolesi's *Calvary* that he had chosen.

"Very beautiful—very beautiful, indeed!" cried the Elector. "But she was not the singer of the *Incarnatus*!"

"Your highness may be interested in knowing," said the Kapell-meister, "that the best soprano singer in the choir is a blind girl." Berthalde was called.

"Why, she is a mere child!" exclaimed the Elector.

"She is older than she appears," said the master, playing the opening bars of the *Incarnatus*.

The Elector rose, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the pale, rapt face which, raised, seemed receiving inspiration.

When she ceased the Elector remarked:

"Herr Kapell-meister, your blind girl is an angel! Where did you find her?—how have you taught her!—what do you say is her name?" and glancing from the master to Berthalde, he listened eagerly to the answers that were given to his questions. "Yes, yes—very good—very good," he muttered to himself, as if pondering some project in his mind. "I would gladly hear one other piece. I will choose something for myself," and, reaching across the Master, he began to turn over the pages of the mass that still lay open on the desk. He stopped at her own favorite *Agnus Dei*, and at his request she sang it. Her cheek was tinged with a faint glow of color now; she seemed to the Elector wonderfully beautiful. He gazed at her, and listened in deep silence. When she ceased to sing he drew a long deep breath. Then he turned from her to the Master.

"Herr Kapell-meister, a visit here is truly not thrown away. Much as I respected this good old town, I anticipated no such pleasure from my stay in it as my last half hour has afforded me. But time presses now; we must not try the patience of our municipal friends too far. Herr Kapell-meister, may I request your further attendance? I would

“speak to you privately about some matters;” and, bowing courteously to all around, the Elector, followed by the Master and his suite, retired from the choir.

“Berthalde, remain with me a little while,” the Kapell-meister said, when, on the day succeeding to the Elector’s visit, the mass was over and the singers were departing.

Standing beside him, she listened, as was often her delight to do, to a slow movement that he played, until the rest were gone, and they two were alone. Then, the Master closed the organ, and coming to her took her hand in his. A small, thin, delicate hand it still was. And she herself too was small, but no longer now a child, nor looking like one.

“Berthalde,” the Kapell-meister said, “I have news for you. Have you no suspicion what it is?”

She shook her head.

“Did nothing happen yesterday?”

“Yesterday!” she exclaimed, “you mean the Elector’s visit?”

“I do, and what I have to tell you now is this, that his highness has expressed a wish that you should accept an engagement in the choir of his court chapel at Dresden.”

He watched her face as he spoke, and a look of almost tender pity beamed from his dark eyes as he saw the sudden change. She stood before him, pale as death, her head bowed down, her lips quivering; no word broke from her. She stood like one turned into marble, quite still and calm; her arms had fallen down, and the hands were clasped. Her attitude was that of one whom some great sudden grief had crushed.

“My child, what is there in this news so much to grieve you? I thought that you would have rejoiced at it.”

She was still mute, and he anxiously implored her to arouse herself.

She did arouse herself, and crushing down the sorrow within her, tried to speak.

“Master, forgive me; it came so suddenly—I am quite unprepared,” she said, faintly.

“Did I then tell it to you too abruptly? Sit down and calm yourself a little while. Why, Berthalde,” he said, half laughing, “you look as frightened as you did that day, so long ago, when for the first time I saw you at the church door below.”

Still she wept.

“Berthalde,” he continued, “you must tell me what is grieving you. I cannot comfort you if you will not tell me what your sorrow is.”

Through her tears she tried to answer him; and though her voice was broken, her tone was almost passionate in its earnestness, as she said:

“O sir, I have lived here all my life. All that I have in the world is here. Do you think that I can leave it all and feel no grief? Do you think that I can bear suddenly to be told that everything I love is to be taken from me, and never weep? Do you think only because I am blind, that I can grow so little attached to anything that all places are the same to me? O sir, we do not need sight to love.”

“My child, you cannot think that we would send you forth to a strange place alone.”

She looked up with one instant’s hope—his last words trembling on her lips.

“Alone,” she echoed.

“Berthalde, will not your father and your mother both be with you?”

She stooped her head again to stifle a deep sob. There was a few moments’ pause, then again the Master spoke:

“My child, I know it is no easy thing to tear ourselves away from things that we have grown to love; but those who are dearest to you you take with you, and if there be a sacrifice to be made, will not the thought that it is made for their sake, to save them from the labor that is grown so hard to them, repay it? It is I indeed who would grieve to lose you, for I cannot hope, when you are gone, to find another who will fill your place.”

His last words blotted all the others from her memory.

“But,” she answered, choking with emotion, “who will fill your place to me? Who will take pity on the poor blind girl, and comfort her when she is sorrowful, and be a friend to her as you have been? Who will give her more than life? Do you think that for all that you have been to me I have no gratitude to you—no love for you?”

“I do not think it, Berthalde. My kind, dear child, my dear little friend, I know you love me, and I think that you know that you are dearer to me than a pupil only. But, alas! my child, there are every day many friends and more than friends who part.”

She did not answer him; perhaps she scarcely heard the few last words, for as he spoke them his voice had grown very sad and low, and she was weeping. And then again they both were silent for a little while until she cried with passionate sorrow,

“O Master, must I go?” and, clasping both her hands together, raised her beseeching eyes up to his face, as though it were possible for her to see what sentence might be written there.

“No, not against your will,” he answered; but the joy which for a moment had half broken forth into a cry, was silenced by the tone in which he spoke, it was so grave and cold; and while she stood abashed and silent, he added sorrowfully and reproachfully, “Your father—your mother, Berthalde, are they both forgotten?”

“Forgive me, for I did forget! I thought only of myself,” and she sobbed aloud. “Oh, do not hate me—do not look in anger on me!”

She stretched out both her hands to him; he took them into his, looking with a deep searching pity on her, and with unutterable melody his rich voice spoke:

“My child, you condemn yourself too much. I well know there have been few moments in your life when you have forgotten others in thoughts of your own self. Be comforted.”

“My father! my mother!” she murmured to herself, in low and tender tones, as though she sought, by whispering their names, to strengthen herself to the great sacrifice; and then again she was quite silent, and they both stood beside each other, until at last she raised her head, and with a face quite pale, like marble, with the long, dark lashes of her eyes cast down upon her cheek, with trembling and white lips, she slowly said,

“My Master, I will go.”

And then there came suddenly—almost in the moment that the words were spoken—a passionate flood of tears.

He spoke no word of comfort; he could not understand her overwhelming grief; nor had he any

sympathy with it. Many long, solitary years, perhaps, had chilled the feelings of youth. Perhaps from his calm station he looked back upon them with a kind of pity, smiling at the passionate grief and the still more passionate joy that trifles once could give him. His passion was his art. And he was happy in it, perhaps as happy as he wished to be, for he had forgotten much.

Only when the poor child's wild outburst of sorrow had partly died away, and the deep bitter sobs grew hushed, did the Kapell-meister speak to her.

He spoke to her about her parents; about their poverty, and the small help she had yet been able to give to them; of their love for her, their pride in her, and the joy that it would give her to be the comfort and support of their old age. Her heart answered to each word, and her tears ceased to fall, and her resolve grew still more firm that she would think about herself no more. Then he spoke of her own future; rejoicing that her great talent would be no longer hidden; that she would make a name to herself, and gain the honor that here she scarcely could have hoped to gain.

She shook her head, and tried to silence him, and tears rose in her eyes again—for what was fame to her? And when at last he tried to strengthen her for her departure—telling her how each day would lessen her regret; how gradually old memories would fade away; how the keen sorrow there, though hard to bear at first, would lose some portion of its sharpness every hour—she only shook her head and wept.

"My child, it is growing late. They will be looking for you at home," said the Kapell-meister, breaking the silence that had fallen over them.

She roused herself, and rose hurriedly.

"Yes, I should have gone before—I did not know how late it was. Master, I have kept you here much too long. Forgive me; it was very thoughtless," she said timidly.

"Nay, my child, it was I rather who detained you," he answered kindly.

She stood before him, her lips trembling, and her eyelids cast down, as if she wished to speak, and had not courage. Then she made a great effort and the words came out.

"You must not think I am ungrateful. You have been exceeding kind to me." She did not weep, but great sobs heaved up her bosom convulsively.

"All my life's gratitude can never be too much, can never pay you back all that I owe you—never! but all my life I will remember you, and love you; and O, think of me when I am gone!"

"Yes, I will think of you, my child," the Kapell-meister said, and even *his* voice, so calm at all times, seemed shaken with emotion now; "I will think of you as of one who was taken from me in the moment when I felt that she might become as dear as a daughter to me." The Kapell-meister stooped over the kneeling girl, and pressed a cold calm kiss upon her brow. Then, when a few moments had passed, with a steady voice again he gently bade her go; and she arose up, weeping no more, and, like a child, obeyed him. Their last words together were of ordinary things.

"You will be here to-morrow at the usual time, Berthalde!"

"I will come, Master."
And so they parted.

For many years, in the choir of the court chapel at Dresden, Berthalde Reimer's voice had, it was said, so strange a power, that strong men were moved to tears in hearing it. Men who had not prayed for years bent their knees involuntarily, and bowed their heads, awed by its solemn and unutterable beauty.

For many years she lived, and sung, and suffered. Then she died.

It is very long ago; yet, amongst the people, many a kind tradition lingers even now of the blind girl who sang so wondrously; who, coming a stranger to their town, lived with them, gentle to all, yet ever sad and calm, and pensive, until her aged parents died, then, dying too, as if her work was done, prayed to be buried far away, in the country whence she came; and so was laid by loving hands in the spot which she had chosen, close to a nameless grave that rested in the shadow of an ancient church.

THE JEWISH PILGRIM.

ARE these the ancient holy hills
Where angels walked of old?
Is this the land our story fills
With glory not yet cold?
For I have passed by many a shrine,
O'er many a land and sea,
But still, O! promised Palestine!
My dreams have been of thee.
I see thy mountain cedars green,
Thy valleys fresh and fair,
With summers bright as they have been,
When Israel's home was there;
Though o'er thee sword and time have passed,
And cross and crescent shone,
And heavily the chain hath pressed,
Yet thou art still our own.
Thine are the wandering race that go
Unblessed through every land,
Whose blood has stained the polar snow,
And quenched the desert's sand;
And thine the homeless hearts that turn
From all earth's shrines to thee,
With their lone faith for ages borne
In sleepless memory.

For thrones are fallen and nations gone,

Before the march of time;
And where the ocean rolled alone,
Are forests in their prime.
Since Gentile plough-shares marred the brow
Of Zion's holy hill—
Where are the Roman eagles now?
Yet Judah wanders still.

And hath she wandered thus in vain,
A pilgrim of the past?
Not long deferred her hope hath been,
But it shall come at last;
For in her wastes a voice I hear,
As from some prophet's urn;
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return.

O! last and loved Jerusalem!
Thy pilgrim may not stay,
To see the glad earth's harvest-home
In thy redeeming day;
But now, resigned in faith and trust,
I seek a nameless tomb;
At least, beneath thy hallowed dust,
O! give the wanderer room!

From the Spectator, 29th Jan.

FINANCIAL FERMENT IN ABSOLUTIST EUROPE.

Most of the absolutist governments in Europe, just at present, are illustrating the truth that national tyranny does not "pay;" but it can borrow, and when it does, lenders may find as well as national economists that tyranny does not pay. The financial transactions of absolute government may not pay the state, and yet they may and do in many instances pay the tyrant very handsomely; and here is the distinction. There may be an immense loss upon the whole transaction, yet a party to it may grasp a large amount of pelf. Such appears to be the normal condition of finance in many European governments. This truth has not only an abstract force, but is acquiring a practical value for the attention of English capitalists.

They have already seen the financial arrangements at the head-quarters of the money-market in London modified by the state of financial affairs in France. In that extremely immediate and simple case, it has been seen how an ill-governed country in close commercial relations with us may operate as a drain upon our money resources. The money-market has been rendered "tighter" than otherwise it would have been for our own capitalists, because it is necessary to guard against French inroads upon it. Whatever may be the ultimate issue of the struggle now going on in France, politically, socially, morally, and financially, the one thing certain is, that it is all uncertain. With a bank unable to control its own management—with great quasi-banking schemes established under authority and flourishing by compulsion, in spite of ruin almost legibly written upon the quotations of their share values—with a state expending 2,000,000*l.* over its estimated expenditure, and finding, nevertheless, a great deficiency in its estimated income—with a constantly increasing warlike machinery, a prospect of immense demands for funds, an inevitable delicacy in enforcing taxes, and an incompetency to give that absolute security for property under which commerce flourishes—France must continue, under its present régime, to afflict the world with the presence of a great state utterly rotten in its financial condition. Collectively, France must continue to be a drain upon all that remain connected with her, unless the connexion be restricted to cash payments.

Nor is France alone. We find a similar regal insolvency breaking forth in various quarters, and mostly in connexion with the states agitated at present by "the conflict of principles," Absolutist and Liberal. The condition of Austria is attracting notice in this country. Her demands for the precious metals are not quite explainable on the surface. The total worthlessness of her paper, which the very tradesmen in the shops of Vienna have for years shirked and avoided when avoidance was possible, speaks her needy condition. Her subject province, Lombardy, although containing but an eighth of her population, has heretofore furnished a quarter of her revenue; but it is probable that the expenditure on account of Lombardy since the revolution has more nearly approached the receipts. For there are limits to the taxability of the most abject province; and although the Austrian emperor has shown, in the case of this unhappy territory, that a grievous waste of economy and loss to a state may be a great booty to an individual, there are points at which taxation begins

to extinguish its own sources. There has been such extinction in Hungary; in the case, for example, of tobacco, the cultivation of which appears to have been destroyed in many places by the weight of the impost. Not long since, the Duke of Modena, that laughable hanger-on of the great empire, became the colorable lender of money to his patron, in order that it might not appear in the face of the world that Austria could find no one to lend her cash. By hook or crook, she has "rubbed on" somehow or other; but cash and credit ever run short.

Turkey has made her first appearance in the European money-market, in full-grown perfection, as an insolvent, borrowing, begging, defaulting, and repudiating state. There have been repeated statements that her loan has been "arranged;" but the continuance of these reports is their own refutation. In fact, Turkey cannot give a guarantee—not one equivalent even to the security that Portugal, or even Spain, can offer in once more insinuating into the market a new loan, to follow up her "Deferred," her "Passive," and her "Active" wind-raising.

But another insolvency bursts anew upon the world. Pius the Ninth has been restored to the possession of his people, and to his infallible theocratic rule, but not to a solvent exchequer. He can guarantee a passport to heaven; he can have Austrian countenance and aid in suppressing Piedmontese Protestantism; but he cannot obtain effective aid, even from Austria, for making cash pass into his exchequer. The great revolution of 1848 superseded his little administrative and financial reforms; on restoration by grace of bayonet, he was obliged to restore the whole "infallible" system in block, including, we presume, the infallible finance minister, who was not required to furnish any accounts, and who could only be removed, if he misbehaved, by being promoted to the cardinalate. Thus rescued from secular hands, the sacred finances have resumed their pristine privilege of increasing insolvency; until at last even the cardinals are obliged to descend below the level of Pistol, and consult how they can find the means of paying for their sublimary state. It is reported that they contemplate a sale of the province of Benevento to Naples. Rome is alienating her patrimony. She used to sell estates in higher regions; but, apparently, the auction for those possessions is not hopeful now!

But where is Naples to find the money for the purchase? Assuredly not in Vienna. We should not be surprised if a little "Neapolitan loan" were to show itself in the London market, with "a province for security!" That would sound very grand; but what security are provinces, now-a-days; or what is the faith of governments? Royal Naples enjoys the hereditary privilege of oath-breaking; bankruptcy is an imperial institution in Vienna; Pope can "absolve" himself and ministers from payment of bonds to the heretic; Porte can find Koran authority for repudiating abominable loans from Giaour; and the ingenious Emperor of the French can always find some new reason in the region of abstract philosophy for confiscating anything, from a republic to a private estate; and so, why not also a loan?

In the thirty-eight years' peace, English capitalists have learned, with English taxpayers, a better policy than to subsidize the tyrants of Europe; for, in many senses of the phrase, tyranny is found not to "pay." If any wild speculators like to

gamble in Napoleonic ideas, in Turkish loans, or in the pawnbroking of Roman provinces, they do it at their peril. They cannot expect our foreign minister to play sheriff's-officer for them; nor public sympathy for losing British capital lent to a wholesale European slave-trade, in which so many "firms" are bankrupt.

From the Examiner, 5th Feb.

MONTENEGRO AND ITS NEIGHBORS.

LIBERTY and national independence are glorious words to fight under, and it goes against the grain to oppose a cause which, however doubtfully, assumes to be protected by such a talisman. But when a banner so inscribed is uplifted by a nest of notorious robbers and murderers, in a mere struggle to free themselves from the common laws of nations, and render themselves independent of any control but that of their own ferocious passions, it ceases to be one which can or ought to excite the sympathies of any civilized people.

Such is the case with Montenegro, in which events are taking a more serious turn than we saw reason to anticipate when the subject was last discussed by us. In that article we showed that under this same mask set up by the Montenegrins of liberty and independence, sovereigns who allow no liberty to their own subjects have for some time been steadily exciting the people to revolt in the territories of their neighbors—the one secretly, with affectations of utter indifference, and under cover of a religious question well calculated to mislead; the other more openly. Such is the game that Austria and Russia are now playing with the Montenegrins and Turkey, and by every possible means the iniquitous design should be exposed and frustrated.

Montenegro is a small, mountainous district, at the back as it were of the southern part of Dalmatia, which separates it from the sea. It contains about 107,000 inhabitants. The country is divided into eight *Nahia*, or cantons, each governed by its own captain. Montenegro is one of the most barren districts in Europe, and its people certainly are Europe's most unmitigated savages. The vendetta, or law of revenge, is nowhere maintained so rigorously as among these Christians of Montenegro. As an act of duty they will hunt down an individual or a family who has injured them, from generation to generation, till full vengeance is obtained. Their common habit is to cut off the heads of their enemies, and their houses and convents are ornamented with skulls as trophies. We read in the *Times* of Thursday that 317 Turks' heads, the result of the nocturnal surprise of a Turkish camp, have been their first triumphant gain in the present conflict.

When not quarrelling among themselves, the Montenegrins are constantly planning some marauding expedition against their neighbors. In these expeditions booty is their first object, murder their second. They generally fall on some village or house suddenly—if possible, when the men are absent—murder the women and children, carry off all they can, and burn the rest. They are brave, but false and cunning, like most of the South Slaves, to which race they belong. Such qualities, we know, are to be held as much the crime of the oppressors, as the curse of the oppressed; but they are not the less disagreeable and dangerous on that account. We remember

once asking an accomplished traveller who had passed through Montenegro, whether he believed that in hanging the whole adult male population there would be the least danger of punishing any one who had not been guilty of a robbery or a murder? "Probably not," was the answer.

The origin of a great part of this people is not the most reputable. Montenegro lies between Dalmatia, Albania, and Herzegovina, and it has for many years formed a place of refuge—an Alsatia on a large scale—for all the outcasts of those countries. If unchecked, it threatens to become as dangerous a population as that which formerly inhabited the islands of the Adriatic, and which, under the name of *Uscoks* (fugitives), became so infamously famous in the wars between Austria and Venice. The *Uscoks* were, in fact, composed of the same elements, and brought together by the same causes; indeed, a portion of the Montenegrins still bear the name.

It is now rather more than fifty years since the Montenegrins refused to pay tribute to the Porte, or acknowledge the authority of its officers; and as the land is barren, and the people brave, it has never been thought worth the trouble it would cost to reduce them to submission. But their independence has never been recognized by Turkey or by any European power. Russia, only, under the plea of supporting the Greek religion, to which they belong, has been accustomed to keep up a constant communication with them; and of late, as practically the head of the Greek church, has regularly subsidized their chief. This subsidy is said to amount to 4,000*l.* yearly; and it forms the whole of the royal revenue—for an attempt to exact taxes would very soon cost the prince his throne. Their chief thus subsidized has hitherto been called *Vladika* or bishop; and has been in the habit of proceeding to Petersburg and receiving his installation at the hands of the Metropolitan of Russia. The last occupant of the dignity was Peter Petrovich, a man very far superior to those about him in every respect. He did all he could to induce them to keep peace with their neighbors, and lived, as much as he dared, away from the savages under his rule. As bishop, of course he left no direct heirs; but he by will appointed his nephew, Daniel Petrovich, a young man of twenty-two years old, to succeed him.

Daniel happened not to be in priest's orders, and in consequence some opposition was made to his succession by his uncle. Finally, it was arranged that the uncle should be chosen bishop or *Vladika*, while Daniel should be entrusted with the temporal power, under the title of prince. In this character, accordingly, Daniel proceeded to Petersburg, where the independence of Montenegro was recognized, and Daniel acknowledged. In Vienna he was also well received; but no formal recognition, there, has as yet taken place.

In the mean time, encouraged by these favorable signs, impelled by promises of support from the Pan Slavists of Austria, and still more excited by similar promises given underhand by inferior agents of the Austrian government, the Montenegrins have now undertaken a war against Turkey on a scale and with ulterior views of which they had hitherto never dreamed. Former expeditions have been composed of small bodies; have had but the plunder of a particular village or fortress for their object; and that executed, they have returned, laden with booty and contented, home. But in the present case they have assembled a

large force, have attempted to engage the neighboring states in their undertaking, and have boldly left their mountain fastnesses, and encamped on the plains beyond the Turkish frontier. Their chief object is still, no doubt, plunder; but their injudicious friends hold them up to the world as the liberators of the Christian population of Turkey, and would engage our sympathies in a new crusade.

It will, of course, be remembered that Austria, enraged at the liberation of Kossuth by the sultan, could not suppress the open avowal of its intention to take an opportunity of revenging that generous action. From that time to this Austria has accordingly never ceased to excite discontent and stimulate revolt among the Christian populations of Slave origin in Turkey. It was first Bosnia, and it is now Montenegro. To such unscrupulous politicians as the late Prince Schwarzenberg it was little matter what might be the retribution these poor creatures brought upon themselves. The sufferings of the unfortunate Bosnians were fearful; but he had succeeded through their miseries in inflicting annoyance on the Porte, and that was all he cared about. The same system has been followed up in Montenegro; but, if we are not mistaken, Count Buol Schauenstein is somewhat more cautious and more scrupulous than his predecessor. Less blinded by passion, he can surely hardly fail to see that a Slave revolt in Turkey may be followed by a Slave rising in Austria. To a certain extent, however, the matter is beyond the control of government; for agents of the Panslave party, over whom the government has little power, are now hard at work; and their eager zeal will carry them to any excess. The sentiments of this party find expression in the Slave journals of Croatia and the south of Hungary, and in the journals of Trieste, whose reports therefore are seldom worthy of much credit.

The better to understand this connection of the rising in Turkey with the States of Austria, it should be recollected that the inhabitants of the Turkish and Austrian provinces on the Lower Danube are chiefly inhabited by people of Slave race. In Austria the South Slaves, to distinguish them from the Bohemians and Poles, number no less than 4,500,000 souls, under the names of Serbs, Slavonians, Croats, Wends, Morlachs, &c., &c.; most of whom are separated only by fictitious boundaries from Turkish Slaves, under the name of Servians, Bosnians, Croats, Montenegrins, &c. Of all these, the Servians alone have as yet succeeded in separating themselves, at least partially, from Turkey; but thanks to foreign intrigue, all the rest are kept in a state of constant excitement, and expectation of their emancipation at no distant day. Now, if any one will consult the map, he will at once see of what vast importance the independence of Montenegro, especially if joined to the Pashalic of Scutari and a part of Herzegovina (for which they now contend), must have on the future prospects of this complex of Slave provinces. If the Montenegrins should gain their point, Turkish Croatia, Bosnia, and the Herzegovina, will have the means and facilities for following their example at any moment they may choose.

But however gratifying a result this might be to the Panslavists, or the Russians, it can hardly be desired by Austria, supposing Austria in its senses. For if these provinces are once free and united, it could not be long before the South Slaves of Austria, with their aid, would do their best to imitate

so good an example; and the emperor would not only have the Italians and Magyars against him in the struggle, but a population of some 4,500,000 warlike tribes, who have so far always remained true to his cause. And it is for this reason, no doubt, we find the Austrian government itself occupying still so wavering and disadvantageous a position. While some of the official journals, we perceive, are encouraging the revolt, others are doing all they can to lessen its importance and conceal its objects.

The attack, it should be distinctly understood, has been entirely offensive on the part of the Montenegrins, the Porte having shown no disposition whatsoever to interfere with the virtual independence they had so long enjoyed. Can we be surprised that the Sultan's government should now show itself determined to punish them severely for their ambitious projects? Russia and Austria kindly offered their intervention to settle the matter; but sorrowful experience—the loss of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Serbia to wit—had already taught Turkey too dearly what such intervention meant, and it has been positively refused. Omer Pashu, formerly an Austrian officer, assisted by Polish and Hungarian officers, has been sent at the head of a large force, it is said 30,000 men—and the defeat of the Montenegrins can only be a question of time. The complete reduction of the Mountain to the state of a Pashalic will probably be the just punishment of their rapacity and ambition. As this, too, is likely to take place before there is time for diplomatic communications, it must of course be accepted as a "*fait accompli*."

Although Austria has assembled a large army on the Dalmatian frontier, we do not think there is any danger of its entering the Turkish dominions. In spite of the military tastes of a young emperor, in spite of the temptation of a strong army and a weak enemy, Austria has too many vulnerable points at home; and France, as well as England, is too ill-disposed towards her at this moment to justify the most venturesome of her councillors in recommending a war with Turkey. If Austria fires a gun, it requires no great gift of prophecy to foretell that Italy and Hungary are free.

From the Spectator, 23d Jan.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S MARRIAGE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has married his pretty Spaniard, and carried her off to St. Cloud; with flying visits to Versailles and Paris to fill up the chasms which pomp and business make in the honeymoon. Paris, on Sunday, had its dearly-beloved show. Army, and National Guard, and state functionaries, were all there; and Holy Mother Church did not fail to play her part. Grand old Notre Dame was tricked out with gauds like the "accessories" of an opera-house ballet, overlaying its Gothic architecture; bales of rich velvets, acres of gilding, myriads of wax candles, swarms of bees, no end of eagles. Nothing that lavish expenditure could purchase was wanting to the perfect success of the exhibition; nothing wanting but that which was unpurchaseable—a genuine and hearty spirit of enjoyment.

The new empress has inaugurated her reign by acts of charity, and the emperor by a long-promised amnesty. The figures in the *Moniteur*, announcing the amnesty, throw a dismal light, from a friendly quarter, on the extent of the oppression involved in the dark deeds of December, 1851.

Although hundreds were said to be pardoned during the presidential journeys—especially the last through the South—yet the government organ actually tells the world that “three thousand” are now pardoned, and that “twelve hundred” still remain in the dungeons or the colonies of France.

Eugénie de Montijo has not been Empress of the French a week, and pitiless critics are already guessing at her future fate, and her influence on European politics. The fate of an Empress or a Queen of the French—who can forecast it? Beautiful Marie Antoinette, with her “chevelure rousse” like that of Eugénie de Montijo, stepped one day from a throne to a scaffold, whereon a Du Barry and a Roland had also perished. “The good and modest wife of General Bonaparte”—the popular Josephine—died broken-hearted and divorced. Marie Louise, of Austria, from an empress became a castaway. Queen Amélie of Orleans fled for shelter to a foreign soil; and Helen of Wurtemberg, fondly destined to ascend a throne, is with her son, an exile, forced to sell the pictures collected by her husband, and an object of insulting remark to him who has seized her son’s birthright. Who, then, can predict the future fate of the Empress Eugénie? Her possible influence on European politics is a shadow. Louis Napoleon may become uxorious, and the clever mistress of witching smiles may tame and humanize him. Or she may prove an intrigante, and use her position unworthily. Or she may be without influence on important affairs—a pretty woman, but a political zero.

From the Examiner.

ITALY IN JANUARY, 1853.

O NATION of Alfieri! thou
Before the cope and cowl must bow,
And Gallic herds from Tiber drink
Until the stagnant water sink,
And nothing be there left but mud
Dark with long streaks of civic blood.
Mark, Galileo, with what glee,
From sorcery’s fragile thralldom free,
The sun spins round thy worlds, and thee!
Above, to keep them in, is bent
A solid marble firmament,
Which saints and confessors hold down
Surmounted with a triple crown.
Torture had made thee (never mind!)
A little lame, a little blind;
God’s own right hand restores thy sight,
And from his own, he gives thee light;
His arm supports thy mangled feet,
Now firm, and plants near His thy seat.
Savonarola! look below,
And see how fresh those embers glow
Which once were faggots round the stake
Of him who died for Jesu’s sake,
Who walkt where his apostles led,
And from God’s wrath, not mortal’s, fled.
Come, Dante! virtuous, sage, and bold,
Come, look into that miry fold;
Foxes and wolves lie there asleep,
O’ergorged; and men but wake to weep;
Come, Saints and Virgins! whose one tomb
Is Rome’s parental catacomb;
Above where once ye bled, there now
Foul breath blows blushes from the brow
Of maidens, whipt until they fall
To feed the plump confessional.
O earlier shades! no less revered!
In your Elysium ye have heard
No tale so sad, no tale so true,
None so incredible to you.

Gloomy as droops the present day,
And Hope is chilled and shrinks away,
Another age perhaps may see
Freedom raise up dead Italy.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

The Poetical Works of Henry Alford, Vicar of Wymeswold, Leicestershire. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1853.

Mr. Alford’s name was first made known to readers on this side of the water, we believe, by the writer of an article in the *Christian Examiner*, published about three years since. The extracts then given were marked by so much grace and tenderness that a strong desire was felt to know more of him. This desire has now been gratified by the publication of a very beautiful edition of his poems, collected by himself, and more complete than any published in England. He is a writer of a lively fancy, great sweetness of tone, and much metrical skill, who never aspires to the highest exercise of the poetic faculty, but who never falls below the level of his theme. He speaks directly from his own heart to the heart of his reader; and the spirit of Christian trust and confidence everywhere breathing through his verse will give to his volume a permanent place in our religious poetry. Many of the pieces have a rhythmical flow, a grace of diction, and a tenderness of sentiment, which can hardly be too much admired. As a whole, the shorter pieces please us most—particularly some of the sonnets and the series of hymns for particular occasions. We should be glad to enrich our columns with numerous choice extracts. But we must confine ourselves to the following Christmas poem:—

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1836.

The stars are clear and frosty, and the Earth
Is laid in her first sleep, secure and calm;
The glorious works of God, as at the first,
Are very good. It is the blessed night,
When, if the say of ancient chronicles
Deceive not, no ill spirit walks abroad;
A night for holy prayers and fancies pure;
A night when solitude in bed and board
Might frame itself celestial company
Out of its peopled thoughts.

But here with me
Are two, on whom toil and the quiet time
Have wrought sweet slumber; and by breathings soft
They testify their presence to my heart,
And waken kindly thoughts.

My earliest loved—
Thou who, in laughing childhood and ripe youth,
Wast ever mine—with whose advancing thought
I grew entwined—and who, in time, didst yield
Thy maiden coyness, and in mystic band
Didst link thyself to me—one heart, one life
Binds us together; in the inmost soul
Either is known to other; and we walk
The daily path of unrecorded life,
Blest with a double portion of God’s love.

And thou, to thy warm nook beside our bed,
Peacefully wrapt in slumber infantine,
Thou treasure newly found of springing joy—
Thou jewel in the coronet of love—
Thou little flower, a choice plant’s earliest gem—
Thou brightest morning star, by Love divine
Set on the forehead of the hopeful east,—
Thou reckest not of time; our human names
Mould not thy varying moods; if marking aught,
Measuring thy days by still-expected hours
Of soft appliance to thy mother’s breast;
And yet methinks so hallowed is the time
That even thy cushioned cheek hath trace of it
Clothed in a deeper and peculiar calm.

The blessings of a kindly Providence
Light on ye both; the way of life, not dark
With gathering storms as yet, invites us on;
We must advance, in threefold union strong,
And strong in Him who bound our lives in God.

Traveller.

TO OUR READERS.

The next Number of the **LIVING AGE** will begin a New Series, enlarged and improved.

As many new arrangements have to be made in getting up the first Number—and as our edition will be more than Ten Thousand—we have determined to let one week pass without issuing a Number. This will bring the date on the Number nearer to the actual date of publication. Subscribers will lose no money, as their yearly bills are always made for 52 Numbers.

We are sorry to be absent this single week, but hope that we shall not be the less welcome the week after.